The Nation.

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The Week.

President Taft has at last spoken out on the pending tariff bill, and his trumpet gives no uncertain sound. It was straightforward, and it was also sagacious, for him to let the public know what he said to the twenty-two Republican members of the House, who went to him to protest against free raw materials and lower duties. The President's reply is a notification at once to Congress and the country. If words are half-battles, such a statement as his is a whole battle. Mr. Taft feels himself the representative of the whole people, obliged, as he says, to take a "broader point of view than that of a single member of Congress in respect to articles produced in his district." Somebody must speak for the consuming masses. Somebody must consider good faith with the people. In declaring flatly for a downward revision of the rates, and maintaining that the Republican party is in honor bound to give it, President Taft openly antagonizes Aldrich and gives the lie to Senator Lodge, but that will only increase the country's sense of indebtedness to his courage. The response of the people will, we are convinced, come up to the White House like the sound of many waters. The whole situation is changed by this explicit and manly utterance of Mr. Taft's. The Aldrich bill is dead. If it is not cut to pieces in conference, it will be vetoed by the Executive. But the chances are enormously in favor of the President's getting what he wants from Congress. This will be, not simply because he wants it, but because the country demands it.

One of the refreshing things in President Taft's tariff deliverance is his reference to American "energy and enterprise," together with the "effectiveness" of American labor and the "ingenuity" of our inventors. These qualities, taken with our unsurpassed natural resources, ought to be, in the President's opinion, a sufficient dependence in the case of most businesses, and ought to tend steadily to bring down the cost of production. Mr. Taft puts with much force the older theory of protection, according to which a temporary aid against foreign competition would enable domestic manufacturers so to perfect their methods that they would soon be independent of protective duties, and would be willing to have them reduced or abolished. But our insatiate protectionists have, of course, left all that far behind. The bigger their profits, the higher they want the tariff. With them, protection has become the means of making laziness and inefficiency successful. The oldest and most obsolete mill must be enabled by the tariff to pay fat dividends. Mr. Taft's statement is of a sort to stop the mouths of fair and honest protectionists, but nothing but blood can stop the mouths of the horseleeches that have fastened themselves upon the people under the pretence of protecting them. If anybody does not believe this, let him consider the way in which the President's moderate utterance has filled with rage the secretary of the Home Market Club of Boston. Col. Clarke is simply "amazed" at the President's taking up with "the entering wedge of free trade." His only consolation is that Mr. Taft "does not understand the tariff question." But that is just it; he understands it all too well, and so does the country, to be imposed upon any longer by the organized appetite of the Home Market Club.

Considerable opposition was made in the House last week to the appropriation of $25,000 for the travelling expenses of the President. It was attacked mainly on party lines, though a few Republicans joined the Democrats in voting against it. There appears to be no doubt, however, that the urgent deficiency bill will finally include this item. Charges of bad faith were made by Congressman Clark, for the Democrats, on the ground that, when the President's salary was raised from $50,000 to $75,000, the increase was understood specifically to cover travelling expenses. On the other hand, it is alleged that the salary was fixed at $75,000, instead of $100,000, in the general expectation that an extra $25,000, or so much thereof as might be necessary, was to be voted for the expenses of the President when travelling on public business. But these "understandings," whatever their tenor, are no part of the record. The money will be voted irrespective of them.

The lawfulness of such an appropriation has been sharply challenged. But it is doubtful if anybody would ever take the matter into the Supreme Court, and pretty certain that the judges, if it did come before them, would validate the appropriation. The money is not for the President's private purse. He may not expend it as he sees fit. It is limited to the one purpose of incidental travelling expenses—such as those which the Government pays in the case of an Indian Commissioner or Assistant Attorney-General—and any balance unexpended for that object must be covered back into the Treasury. The main question concerns, not the money for the travels, but their purpose and value. Unless a President has some definite object to accomplish, some message to deliver to his countrymen, some important public policy to expound and advocate, he might better stay in the White House. There are, admittedly, a certain number of ceremonies and celebrations at which it is well for the President to be present in his official capacity—as Mr. Taft has just been at Norwich and Lake Champlain—to lend dignity to the occasion and to speak, if possible, words of wisdom. But such functions aside, there is little use or propriety in the President travelling about the country merely to ingratiate himself with the people.

Mr. Bryan's appeal to the President to give the people the chance to vote upon a constitutional amendment for the direct election of United States Senators is adroit, but not momentous. Mr. Bryan has learned the art of keeping in the public eye. When a noted opponent of Mr. Bryan's was put in a pillory by a legislative resolution of rebuke, he broke its force by a dramatic long-distance horseback ride. When Mr. Bryan sees some of his thunder being appropriated, he keeps under notice of the masses by suggesting publicly that more of his thunder be stolen. The truth is that States which very strongly desire

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the direct election of United States Senators practically secure this desideratum by requiring pledges of candidates for the Legislature. The issue of the direct election of Senators is not likely to be injected into the present arena of national politics at any man's dictum.

With New York's Public Service Commission become so wretched a failure and farce (taking the word of some people for it), one can but be surprised that other States should think of following the mad model. Yet, somehow, Gov. Hughes's plan of dealing with public-service corporations by means of a commission with ample and appropriate powers continues to receive the flattery of imitation. Early proposals for public-utility commissions came to little, in both New Jersey and Connecticut. Corporation influences, particularly in the latter State, were powerful enough to prevent action. But just now in Connecticut there has been put out by the special legislative committee the draft of a bill to place all telephone, gas, and water companies under control of a board of three commissioners. In the opinion of the Hartford *Courant*, the measure is one which will "work large and most beneficial reforms, and grow in favor." What, after Gov. Hughes's abject failure?

To a lover of contrasts in character and point of view, the meeting in Paris between Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, and the French labor leaders is suggestive. Mr. Gompers is known as an adept in dodging an issue. He is, among people interested in sociological matters, a "practical" man, in the sense that it is always a condition and not a theory that confronts him. Going to Paris to be instructed in labor conditions there, he has come in contact with leaders who in training and temperament are his exact opposites. He is conservative to the point of hating a general idea; they are radical to the point of caring little for conditions which, however, they may intimately know. The idea of revolution is to Mr. Gompers a nightmare. Revolution in France is a familiar social idea, and the leaders of the French Federation are openly revolutionary. Mr. Gompers has recently come to think that the labor organizations should go into politics, as is the case in England. Organized labor in France, on the other hand, is suspicious of politics, and its leaders frankly say that their representatives in the government could not, even with the best intentions, really represent labor; they could not "overcome the atmosphere of the House," as they say in England. The French leaders have clear and simple ideas which they develop with violent logic. They belong to the "intellectual" class. They will find it difficult to understand Mr. Gompers, and for this Mr. Gompers will not be sorry.

At the recent meeting of the Northern Baptist Convention, in Portland, Oregon, was read the report of a commission on Baptist denominational journalism. Baptist papers, like those of most other religious denominations, exist only at a poor dying rate financially. The ownership of denominational papers by the convention itself was dismissed; and the suggestion that the convention raise a fund to be loaned to the papers according to need met the same fate. The commission favored a combination of existing Baptist papers, so as to leave but one for New England, one for the Middle States, one for the Central West, and one for the Pacific Coast. The report recommended that the convention should use all its influence to build up these four papers. This report was adopted "with apparently no dissent." It may be questioned if this course is not as sure to hinder independence in denominational journalism as either of the plans rejected.

The real difficulty with religious journalism to-day is that it tends to live on denominational patronage, rather than to make a place for itself by merit. The desire for more local religious news and comment than the secular paper can give, occasions a demand for a denominational paper. It is started, with but little capital behind it, and a meagre editorial force. It manages to live along from year to year, although unable to render any real service other than the printing of minor denominational news. That the majority of such ventures are unwise is clear enough, but it is not clear that the situation can be made satisfactory by freezing out the many through the extension of official denominational patronage to a selected few. The denomination will gain in the long run by applying its official energies in other directions and giving to each journalistic aspirant a fair field in which to win the support of individual readers. The ideal denominational paper will cultivate its own field more fully than any other paper can, will keep its readers in touch with the main currents of religious life, will aim to keep abreast of all sincere efforts for the betterment of mankind, and will do what it can towards the intelligent editorial discussion of matters of the day from its own point of view. A paper satisfactorily meeting these requirements will secure support without the hampering aid of ecclesiastical backing.

Tennyson's airy navies and Byron's engines to carry man to the moon are brought distinctly nearer by the piling up every day of news about fresh feats in aeroplaning. What has been called the "patient prudence" of the Wright brothers seems now certain to reap its reward in the near future, by their meeting the terms of their contract with the War Department. The attempted cross-Channel flight of Hubert Latham on Monday was sensational both in conception and result, though success was not attained. Doubtless, it will be soon. Meanwhile, how thoroughly experimental and uncertain the art of human flight yet remains, may be seen in the futility of expert comments before the event. The London *Times* had, ten days ago, an article by a skilled engineer on the projected air-crossing from Calais to Dover by M. Latham, in which the gravest danger was argued if the aeroplane should fall into the sea. Said the writer:

> As it would have been travelling at something like forty miles an hour, even after gliding down from an altitude of 300 feet, the speed of the apparatus on touching the water would not be less than twenty-five miles an hour. The whole machine, with the pilot, weighs about half a ton. Imagine the impact and the effect it would have on the wings, on which, however, M. Latham counts to keep the whole apparatus afloat. They are, it is true, air-chambers a foot deep at the base and tapering to the extremities. But would not the canvas be torn to shreds, even if the whole wings were not wrenched off the machine? The aviator's position would be perilous in the extreme.

Yet, in fact, he was found riding at ease and smoking a cigarette!

Lord Lansdowne gave last Friday the first official intimation that the House

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of Lords might throw out the Finance Bill. His threat was veiled, but was nevertheless unmistakable. He said that it would be preposterous to suppose that the Lords could be compelled to swallow the Finance Bill whole. This implies the right of amendment, but, in practice, the Lords have no such right. The reason is that the Commons have long regarded any such amendment as tantamount to rejection. This was clearly laid down, in 1897, as the constitutional practice, by a Tory Lord Chancellor, Lord Halsbury. If, for example, the Lords should now strike out the taxes on the increment in land values, it would be tantamount to throwing out the whole bill. So there is no room for indirection. The Lords must either swallow the bill, or spew it out entire. Their right to do the latter is undoubted, but the grave public and political inexpediency of their doing so was described in weighty language by Lord Salisbury in 1894, when another contentious finance bill of the Liberals was before the upper Chamber. Lord Salisbury said:

> I draw a very strong distinction, as strong as it is possible to draw, between the legal powers of this House and the House of Commons, and the practice which considerations of obvious convenience in the interest of the public welfare may induce the two Houses to adopt. It is perfectly obvious that this House in point of fact has not for many years past interfered by amendment with the finance of the year. The reason why this House cannot do so is that it has not the power of changing the executive government; and to reject a finance bill and leave the same executive government in its place means to create a deadlock from which there is no escape.

Now that Mohammed Ali, King of Kings, is sent flying from his throne at Teheran, the world of Islam has witnessed in the course of less than a year the deposition of the sovereign head of every independent Moslem state. Turkey, Persia, and Morocco will each have its living ex-Sultan, and Morocco may have two; for Mulai Hafid seems to be in danger of following his brother, Abd el Aziz, into the obscurity of private life. After this it will not be so easy to speak of the dread power which hedges in every Mohammedan ruler as the shadow of God upon earth. After this it will be more difficult to speak of the Mohammedan creed as a religion of stagnation; and, in a wider aspect still, the supposed historical opposition between religion and political liberty will appear less evident than ever. For it is to be noted that in Turkey, the representatives of Islam, while divided into two camps, have on the whole worked harder for progress than against it. In Persia, the rôle of the priesthood would seem to have been wholly admirable. The doctors of the law were among the pioneers of the liberal movement, and at a critical moment they acted boldly by proclaiming the excommunication of the Shah. In Morocco, it is true, Mulai Hafid was believed to have won against his brother as the avowed champion of orthodoxy. But the speed with which Hafid's authority has crumbled away shows that in reality political motives of some sort must have been predominant even in Morocco.

Great Britain's attitude towards the Constitutional cause in Persia is scarcely receiving fair consideration. England's treaty with Russia for the parcelling out of Persia into spheres of influence has given rise to the charge, or at least the suspicion, that British methods in the Shah's Empire must henceforth be Russian methods, and consequently that British hostility to the Parliamentary régime must be presumed. Now, in the first place, even Russia in the present affair does not stand patently condemned. With Great Britain she has publicly urged upon the Shah the necessity of restoring the Constitution and reconvening Parliament. Her occupation of Tabriz has done the Liberal cause more good than harm. Had the Shah's troops entered that city, the prestige of the Constitutional party might have been submerged in a tide of massacre and destruction. Russian intervention saved the Nationalist leaders and enabled them to march on Teheran with what results we know. As for Great Britain, it was under her encouragement that the Persian Liberal movement won its first victories. The argument that a Constitutionalized Persia would endanger the British position in India is scarcely valid. The Hindus already know what they want, and Great Britain knows what she must concede and can concede with safety. Continuous civil war in Persia, such as the Shah's ascendency would bring, would probably exercise a more disturbing influence on the neighboring tribes in India than could any Persian Parliament.

If Abdul Hamid refuses to withdraw the millions which his bankers would like to get rid of, it is not because he has read the Contributing Editor's article in the *Outlook* on the disadvantages of great wealth. The late Sultan, on the other hand, is firmly convinced of the merit that lies in cofferfuls of treasure, provided it cannot be taken away from him all at one time. The Turkish nation, during these last few months, has learned to look upon Abdul Hamid as one of its most important sources of revenue. He has been signing checks with a freedom of gesture that many a Pittsburgh millionaire on Broadway might envy. Presumably, the Turkish Department of the Interior is still at work tapping the walls at Yildiz in search of hidden wealth. If a secret chamber yields satisfactory results, well and good. If the chamber turns out empty, word is passed on to Salonica, and the ex-Sultan signs a check for a fair equivalent.

How the times move forward in Asia comes to us with something of a shock when we find the Chinese press discussing the empire's need of factory legislation. Shanghai and Pittsburgh, Nankin and Sheffield here meet on the basis of a common want. The foreign press in China, while naturally friendly to the general cause of reform, is inclined to be skeptical of sudden and drastic change. It is all the more gratifying in the present case to come across so enlightened a view as that to which the Shanghai *Mercury* gives expression: "Human life is abundant in China by reason of the very fertility of the soil and the fecundity of the people, but abundant life must not be held to justify the cheapening of life; and it should not be possible for China to produce millionaires as some other countries do, at the expense of literal flesh and blood." This is bold thinking for a predominantly commercial community like Shanghai, in which supposedly the principle of unrestrained competition would rule. And if it be argued that China must go through the same process as the West, if she would attain the civilization of the West, our commentator takes sharp issue. "It is," he says, "to save China from such difficulties as other countries have had to face that we urge the necessity of immediate action in this matter. Prevention is better, and cheaper, than cure."

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PERSONALITY IN POLITICS.

The extraordinary and approving response which President Taft's frank and clear statement has evoked, is one tribute more to the power of strong personality. We admit it everywhere else, but are reluctant to allow it in politics. In life, in literature, there is no magic charm like that of personality, but politicians are afraid of it in their business. Of this they sedulously cultivate the idea that it must be conducted by committees and parties, never by individualities. Everything is collective, nothing personal. Intrigue and subterranean management are the prime forces; and the old practitioners of the art are always aghast when some man of native vigor comes forward with open methods and direct appeals. It has been so with Gov. Hughes; it bids fair to be so with President Taft.

And what increases the bewilderment and the pain of the politicians is the joyful way in which the people rise to such men when they show themselves. This is not merely the jealousy of time-servers when they see servants of the public rapidly advanced over their heads to honors toward which they themselves vainly aspire. The old hands at the political business are really puzzled at the phenomenon. Trained to depend upon far other qualities than courage and downright convictions, they are always at a loss when they encounter a man dowered with such gifts, and are absolutely taken aback when he proceeds to his goal amid popular acclaim. This only shows that Burke's reproach was just, when he said that politicians did not know their own tools. The greatest power they have to deal with is personality; but, despite repeated demonstrations of that truth, they remain as men unaware of it. They are continually astounded, and look at each other in a kind of wild surmise, whenever

> —the spirit of a single mind
> Makes that of multitudes take one direction
> As roll the waters to the breathing wind.

In the puzzlement which the plodding dealers in routine politics feel in the presence of a public man of large and elemental force, they are sometimes led to curious confessions and fears. The exhibition of power they cannot deny, but its effects they profess to dread. Thus Senator Raines has lately unbosomed himself about the perils that threaten the people of the State of New York, because of their great "friendliness" to Gov. Hughes. In their enthusiastic admiration of the man, they are in danger of adopting his policies; and as those policies go counter to some of the cherished plans of Senator Raines, they are, *ipso facto*, bad for the commonwealth. In the same way one of our daily papers has been gravely arguing with the people to restrain them from the folly of blindly following Gov. Hughes. They do not in the least understand what the direct primary means, but are working for it and voting for it with eagerness, simply on his say-so. This is a dangerous form of hero-worship. The next thing will be for the Governor to advocate abolishing the Legislature, and then we shall have the multitude making haste to agree, purely out of their convinced feeling that the Governor is absolutely honest and disinterested. A sober citizenship ought not so to be carried off its head by an outstanding personality.

Well, all these timid folk who are so terrified by the advent of a real man, need not be driven to entire despair. The world has not, as they seem to fear, gone daft over personality in politics. It has not taken up with Carlyle's theory of rule by the strong man. The strongest man has to act under certain limitations. His leadership is qualified by a thousand conditions which he cannot control. He, like the rest of us, is caught in the common predicament; and when his fellow-citizens give him their confidence and their suffrages, it is only because he has fathomed their difficulties, interpreted their desires, and shown them a way out of the coil. Senator Root correctly diagnosed what he called "the very great popularity" of Gov. Hughes, when he said that the people had grown impatient of narrow and selfish partisan control, and that the Governor was trying to help them throw off its yoke. Similarly, to-day, the mighty volume of support which is flowing to President Taft, is due to the fact that he has understood and expressed the wishes of the great mass of his countrymen. He is not attempting to impose his individual will upon Congress. It is merely that he has sensed the desire of a great people not any longer to be held in the clutch of special interests, and has uttered a feeling which is universally recognized as not merely his own, but that of the American citizenship whose direct representative he is. Suppose that the President had thrown himself brutally on the side of the tariff extortioners, what would his personality have counted for then? As it is, he is strong because he is on the side of justice and decency.

Yet the most righteous causes languish till a man is found to embody them. People will stand conscientiously for a principle, yet they best fight for it when it takes on form in a human personality. In times of political crisis we feel the truth of this. Then the cry is always for a leader. So true is it that, in politics, too, a man is more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir.

JUDICIAL REVIEW.

The power of courts of law to annul statutes on the ground of their alleged incompatibility with organic law is to-day the chief difference between our judicial system and Great Britain's. Conservative statesmen in England have of late frequently cast covetous glances at this feature of our polity. Notable among such expressions was a recent guarded but emphatic utterance of the Lord Chief Justice in criticism of certain acts of Parliament which withdraw executive actions from the cognizance of the courts, and which make the findings of administrative boards final. The London *Times* echoes his forebodings and opines that "there may come a time when we shall have a *droit administratif* according to which the Treasury, the Local Government Board, and one or two other departments will have powers to do as they please without review or control and, like the Sovereign, will be able to do no wrong." In curious contrast to this implied laudation of our practice of the judicial veto is the dissatisfaction recently manifested at home over this very feature of our system. The popular agitation against "government by injunction" is a recent phase of this irritation. Nor is it wholly confined to those interested in the powers of labor organizations. Mr. W. F. Dodd, in a recent article in the *Political Science Quarterly*, avers that "the courts have now become practically legislative organs with an absolute power of veto upon statutory legislation which they regard as inexpedient."

The historical origin of this divergence in the powers exercised by courts

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here and in England has been traced by an American scholar, Mr. Charles H. McIlwain. He has abundantly established the fact that originally the notion of any clear-cut distinction between legislation and adjudication was unknown. Indeed, the very idea of *making* law was foreign to the early English jurisprudence. There prevailed everywhere the dominant idea of a constituent, organic, and customary law which it was the business of the High Court of Parliament as well as the other courts of the realm to *discover* or *declare*, and to apply to individual cases. Thus the name of the supreme legislature in Great Britain, as well as the judicial functions of the House of Lords, embalms what was at one time the very essence of Parliament's activity. When the sovereign originally called a meeting of his Parliament, writs were issued to the judges of the courts to attend as a matter of course. Puzzling cases were habitually referred by the regular judges to the supreme court of Parliament, in much the same course as is followed by our system of appeals to higher tribunals, but at the instance of the judges rather than of the suitors. Causes could be instituted also in the High Court of Parliament upon petition; action upon such petitions rather than by bill being the normal procedure in early days. Even more remarkable is the fact that the final drafting of statutes was often left to the regular judges when the substance of the matter had been determined by the full Parliamentary conclave, which would adjourn and allow the judges of the realm to issue the act.

It is quite certain, therefore, that nothing could have been more repugnant to the jurisprudence of even Tudor times than Blackstone's theory of Parliamentary omnipotence—that Parliament can do anything which is not naturally impossible. Down into the times of Queen Anne there persisted the belief that English courts might virtually annul acts of the legislature which contravened essential principles of Magna-Charta or other parts of the constituent law of the realm. Instances of such action by English judges are neither few nor unimportant. This conception of a dominant organic law of higher authority than mere statutes the American colonists took with them to the new world; enshrined in Montesquieu's concepts of the division of powers, it appears in our Federal and State Constitutions.

The triumph of the doctrine of parliamentary sovereignty in England was the outcome of the political struggle against Divine Right, against a personal sovereign *legibus solutus*. No less trenchant a weapon was needed to beat down the pretensions of royal prerogative. But, despite its serviceability in the struggle for constitutional freedom, the subordination of the executive and the courts to Parliament has proved more than once a menace to the real safety and prosperity of the United Kingdoms.

Of course, the most striking instance is seen in the American colonists' successful struggle against Parliament's pretensions to power in this continent. Since that time, the doctrine of parliamentary omnipotence has been but sparingly applied in any of the self-governing colonies of England. But far-seeing statesmen who have at heart the creation of a real empire, have more than once bemoaned a theory of parliamentary sovereignty which works only when left in quiescence. Frederick Scott Oliver complains:

> There is no sovereignty. Everything hangs on sentiment, influence, and management. In the Three Kingdoms, sovereignty so far has not been impaired; but outside these islands, it is a very different matter. . . . The true meaning of the situation is no less painful than it is plain. The most powerful member of a loose confederacy is content to defend her fellow-members from foreign attack for so long as they are willing to acquiesce in her policy. . . . Even with fine weather, it is only a miracle that maintains it, and under rain or storm, there must be a shifting of the balance that can have no issue, but disintegration.

These instances of the results of a concentration of powers in the hands of the Legislature may encourage us in those desponding moments when we lament the way in which the separation, or rather the isolation, of departments of government under our system seems often to scatter responsibility and to impede vigorous, straightforward policy. But, if our plan of judicial review, however far it may disappoint us in individual cases, corresponds to an essential element of the body politic, an essential part of the organic character—the conscience or the memory as opposed to the irresponsible will—we may congratulate ourselves upon having a brake upon inconsiderate legislation.

A ROMANTIC SURVIVAL.

The death of Gen. de Galliffet has put the final seal to a modern D'Artagnan, in the imagination of France. He seems to have possessed to the full those qualities of irony, form, joy, courtesy, and courage, which have been the inalienable heritage of the hero of the Gallic strain. He had as great an *élan* as Hotspur and was as brave. It is not recorded that he liked to kill before breakfast. But his joy in a well-done deed of the heroic type was a beautiful thing to contemplate.

How he gayly interrupted the monotony of garrison life by jumping on horseback from a bridge into the Saône; how, when a captain in the Crimean war, he crossed the Russian lines gallantly to keep a rendezvous with a lady; how, in Mexico, his abdomen torn open by a bullet, he continued, with a fine gesture, to give orders of battle; how, under the walls of Sedan, he did unbelievable deeds—such are a few of the tales that are told of this modern Roland.

Like Paul Jones, De Galliffet believed that "grape-shot sometimes has its uses in the struggle for the rights of man." He played a stern and leading part in the violent suppression of the Commune. When blamed for this by the radicals, he replied: "Let them talk. I would rather be taken for a great murderer than for a petty assassin." Even the radical enthusiast, if he could see the difference between the accidental and the eternal, would recognize in De Galliffet a spiritual brother. For the romantic hero and the dreamer of dreams along political or social lines are alike in this: they both love to engage in battle with the most powerful forces they can find. De Galliffet's romance seems to have extended even to the immaterial world, as all romance really does, for it is said of him that he always asserted his opinions with the vehemence of youth, and that he selected, with a kind of ironical joy, the side which had the greatest opposition.

In a certain sense, De Galliffet was a survival. He was a true "romantic," and, to the extent that romance is dead, De Galliffet and his kind belong to the past. *Le Figaro* says of him: "This fine and great soldier will remain one of the most strikingly original of this epoch, with which he forms a most remarkable contrast. At a time when everything is calculation and selfishness, he re-

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mains an excellent example of disinterestedness, energy, and rashness. His courage had in it something prodigious. He might have said, with the poet: 'The more useless it is, the more beautiful.'"

Certainly, in this day of realism in literature, of business methods in politics, of a polite condescension and secret contempt for poetry, of pragmatism in philosophy, of the tremendous insistence everywhere and in every department of life on what is practical, the gaunt figure of this modern D'Artagnan comes to us as something outworn, indeed: the deepest point of our sympathy can go no further than envisaging him as a sort of Don Quixote: where the disinterested and romantic is concerned, we insist on a touch of the ridiculous.

And yet this quality of the romantic and the so-called unreal always appeals to our imagination: it is still true that many of our novels and plays undertake the most meretricious "reproductions" of old heroic periods, with all their gorgeousness of decoration and highfaluting sentiment and their deeds in high-relief. We, to-day, have a genius for the prosaic, for low relief, for hard, careful analysis, for humility of vision, for an unsympathetic re-casting of many warmly-felt ideals. But that we love, and shall always love, the truly romantic is as inevitable as that there shall always be beautiful maidens and men who appreciate them, and generous souls who give themselves, through force of idealistic temperament, to what is unpractical.

It is probable that when we get familiar with our new interests, a fresh romance, so far as material and form are concerned, will be born. When we "move around easily" in our enlarged world, we shall see its modern beauty and gladly sacrifice to it, with new individual and social gestures, with a new conception of *noblesse oblige;* but with the same old disinterestedness, with the same old gayety of heart, with the same worship of the beautiful, with the same chivalry for the weak, with the same joy in self-sacrifice, and the same æsthetic need of clothing our virtue in striking external forms.

The order in which Shakespeare's plays appeared is suggestive as to the normal development of the sense of romance. His early dramas are full of youthful poetry and a love for what is heroic and striking, full of pageantry. Here his romance is, relatively speaking, of the thoughtless and historical kind. Then come the plays of his middle period, when his imagination played over the terrible fate of mankind—the great tragedies. This is his period of realism and of gloom, of social seriousness. But there is a third period, when, in plays like "The Tempest," he returns to pure romance, but a romance this time which is the inner, unseen essence of reality. Perhaps we love romance, in the last analysis, just because it represents the most ultimate reality. And so, when De Galliffet is stripped of all his historical accidents, he remains a figure sympathetic to all, whatever our personal or class interests may be.

THE TRAVEL CURE FOR OLD AGE.

Long before Metchnikoff had diagnosed old age as a disease, the epigrammatists had labelled it as a bad habit. But modest science, as usual, gave more hope than arrogant wit. From our diseases, hygiene and medication may conceivably relieve us, whereas our habits are too often our masters and decline to be exorcised. One may acquire a liking for sour milk, with its beneficent microbes, more easily than one may straighten shoulders once rounded. Happily, the remedy for both the malady and the habit of old age has been discovered. You have only to take an Atlantic liner, or halt in any of the tourist caravansaries from London to Assuan, to see throngs of happy patients complacently taking the travel treatment. Before it old age has withdrawn, and takes its last stand among the sedentary, the unenterprising, and the poor.

One need only observe the gusto of these persons in years—not old persons, mark you—to feel that the enemy has been foiled. It is they who follow cheerful lines of fad and foible, seek unstaled impressions off the beaten track, turn the rubs of the road into adventure or pleasantry, face undauntedly the changing commerce of the inevitable *table d'hôte*. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if the very young or the very old had come to be the only true travellers. While modern means of transportation have reduced travel to a dull system, excluding the unforeseen, isolating the stranger from the people he professedly comes to observe, the young and the old still retain the fine sentimental tradition of the road. Where everything is expansive sensibility, the day's work one long gorgeous discovery, there naturally can be no *ennui*, and that is the condition of the young person when unspoiled. Equally the mild, knowing, and measured expectancy of old age makes for good travelling qualities.

Perhaps the chief merit of travel as a prophylactic is that it keeps alive or renovates failing capacities for companionship. Whatever may be the charms of our American life, the provision for a comfortably serene old age is not one of them. Between those who strive and those who have ceased striving an unnatural gulf is established. Young America hardly has time to parley beyond the moment's need with old America. With the disappearance of caps and stocks it has become more difficult for old people to seem venerable. Instead they struggle to keep young, thus depriving themselves of a dignity and society of a grace. They tend to settle into hopeless ruts among themselves—story-telling, bridge, golf in the limbo beneath the handicap classes. Households, unless we are mistaken, have an increasing tendency to break up into smaller groups, leaving the older members stranded in a rather mournful independence. At any rate, one rarely sees in the city those patriarchal families in which grandparents, aunts, uncles, and aged cousins could easily have cast a majority vote.

Now, travel is the great compensation for the lack of an old-style nest. One has only to follow the preferred isotherms to see contented old age. Indeed, this modern substitute for slippered ease at home has certain obvious advantages. Minor infirmities that loom formidably large at home vanish before constant diversion of the mind. Timorous or anti-social moods are put to flight by the pleasures and necessities of the route. Moreover, a trained judgment and matured humor—the most precious attributes of old age—are kept sharp by daily attrition upon the most various material. What strikes one most in the many aged acquaintances one makes in travel is their indefatigable spirits and unblunted capacity for friendliness.

Modern methods of locomotion distinctly play into the hands of the old. Whatever of romance has vanished with the postchaise and diligence they can very well spare. To-day, they may travel

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without peril of exposure and privation. Given moderate means, they can secure en route all reasonable comfort and safety. In the truest sense, the world is at their disposal, for they command that most precious thing, time, and they move without the perturbing energies of younger years. It was a venerable—not an old—lady, just entering the eighties, who, planning a trip to the edge of the African desert, was told that she surely would be buried there. Her retort was that she must be buried somewhere. As a matter of fact, she recovered from a most serious African fever in time to pass through the Kingston earthquake unterrified if not unscathed, and since then she has visited much of the fairest scenery about the Mediterranean.

We have no desire to weigh the relative advantages of old age at the fireside and on train or ship. The new mode is possibly better for the peripatetic elderly person than it is for our society at large. With old age assiduously seeking novelty, what is to become of our traditions? Those of us who are too old or too young to travel may well consider the advisability of inducing a certain number of our most impressive old people to stay at home for the sake of posterity. But we fear the proverbial answer will be wafted from many a departing liner: "What has posterity ever done for me?"

WESTON AND WALKING.

Mr. Weston has arrived at San Francisco after his walk from New York. His ambition to accomplish this trip in one hundred days, he missed, and is much chagrined; he has even declared his walk "a failure." But the feat is the same whether it took a few days less than a hundred or a few days more. He encountered difficulties which would have proved insuperable to a less indomitable spirit. For over 2,000 miles he was forced to walk along railway tracks, a line of march as galling to the nerves as to the muscles.

Mr. Weston is in his seventy-first year, a time of life often considered the day of slippers and the ingle-nook. With Dr. Eliot, he shares the honor of being a concrete refutation of this idea. That a man with a good constitution should turn sedentary at forty-five is usually no one's fault but his own. Moreover, the sight of Three-score-and-ten taking a jaunt on foot across the continent should carry a helpful lesson to cock-sure Nineteen. Too many young men who have hardly reached their growth look upon fifty as athletically impotent superannuation. The *carpe diem* philosophy is applied altogether too much to athletics, with the not infrequent result that youth burns out muscular resources. To take the proper amount of exercise and at the same time to husband one's physical stamina is the real secret.

This long walk is an effective protest against the present-day craving for speed in locomotion. "Rapid transit" has become almost synonymous with transit of any sort. But we hear the critic remind us with a chuckle that Mr. Weston himself sought speed above all else, that his was a perpetual forced march. True enough, as pedestrians go, he made fast time. But walking of any sort is comparatively slow. Pedestrianism is rather a fine art than a means of locomotion. And the fact that the striding old gentleman could make seventy-five miles a day on a pinch does not impair the moral.

He who uses his legs is thereby enabled to use his eyes. Nature in all moods is the companion of him who walks. A network of sun and shadow, or a maze of muddy pools, lies before his feet. His cheek feels the impact of kindly breezes or harsher rain. The bend in the road lures him onward and fills him with peaceful conjecture. A pleasant comrade at his side seems not amiss to most, though Hazlitt and Stevenson cast their voices against it, declaring that the full flavor of a walking tour is best tasted in solitude. Stevenson better analyzes moods, but Hazlitt is the more lyric. He was among the first of Anglo-Saxon blood to sing the open road. He feels its intoxication. He cries:

> Give me the clear blue sky over my head, and the green turf beneath my feet, a winding road before me, and a three hours' march to dinner—and then to thinking! It is hard if I cannot start some game on these lone heaths. I laugh, I run, I leap, I sing for joy. From the point of yonder rolling cloud, I plunge into my past being, and revel there, as the sun-burnt Indian plunges headlong into the wave that wafts him to his native shore. Then long-forgotten things, like "sunken wrack and sumless treasuries," burst upon my eager sight, and I begin to feel, think, and be myself again.

To be one's self is, after all, the great thing. The dweller within walls is today offered countless chances to see Nature. He may also limber up his muscles by various means. But to combine the two: there is a rare privilege. To hobnob with the outdoor world, to catch new vistas, to stray whither one will across the countryside, to feel an unwonted thrill pulsing along taut sinews, and at the same time, avoiding the stress of competitive sport, to preserve a peaceful mind—this is the guerdon of walking. If Mr. Weston's trip should remind folk of this and should set them to experimenting, the jaunt would have been a public benefaction. The humble mode of walking contains the germ of elemental happiness. It will be well when many, with Thomas Randolph, say:

> Come, spur away,
> I have no patience for a longer stay,
> But must go down,
> And leave the chargeable noise of this great town.
> I will the country see. . . .

RECENT GERMAN FICTION.

When Hermann Bahr published his last novel, "Die Rahl," he sent out with the book an announcement of the programme which he had outlined for his future work in fiction. Inasmuch as humanity continually repeats itself in variations of a few original types, and the heroes of Homer are sitting in some disguise in the Café Monopol, just as the Luegers and Bülows can be found in Sallustius, he intended to present those original characters as they occur in modern Europe in such a way that the individual should be totally merged in the type and the type in the individual. His new book, "Drut" (S. Fischer & Co., Berlin), is a deliberate and successful illustration of this theory. The life of a typical officer of the Austrian army, whose infatuation with a fair adventuress of exotic antecedents ruins his career, is relieved against a background of contemporary Austrian life. There are few social and political problems of timely interest to that country that he does not present under some aspect. With its diplomatic, military, and clerical specimens, the story is a panorama of Austria as it is to-day. The defection of Liberalism, the petty jealousies and vanities of the middle-class, and the secret machinations of the clergy—all these are reflected with convincing vitality. Its balance of humor and pathos, and its undernote of human sympathy, make the book enjoyable reading.

Many of the problem novels that flood the market of Germany may have the same significance, but by a preponderance of matter over manner fail to convey an artistic impression. This is espe-

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cially true of the stories concerned with sexual and marriage problems. However needful may be the message of books like Hans von Hoffensthal's "Lori Graff," there is an element in them bound to repel not only the more prudish Anglo-Saxon, but every reader who resents being treated to medical and psychological studies in the guise of fiction. It is even more difficult to fathom the *raison d'être* of a story like Frank Nabl's "Hans Jäckels erstes Liebesjahr," and to explain the popularity which the records and revelations of such a nature are enjoying in Germany. Of quite a different order, though the somewhat bald titles are rather misleading, are "Eine Jungfrau," by Emil Lucka, and "Vaterschaft," by Karl von Perfall, both published by Egon Fleischel & Co. of Berlin. The first story pictures the multifarious interests and activities by which an average modern girl tries to find a substitute for her "natural sphere." The second book, being the story of a young man's devotion to his illegitimate child, bears an ethical message rarely heard in a world still dominated by the Code Napoléon. The spirit of both works is serious and dignified, and the treatment of their themes is free from repulsive features.

Since the publication of the trilogy in which Georg von Ompteda painted with genuine feeling and true color the slow disintegration of the old nobility and its enforced adaptation to new needs and standards, the author until now has written nothing that merits serious attention. His latest work, however, "Droesigl" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), seems to mean a new start, and though the main motive, marriage between old nobility and new wealth, is commonplace, he has succeeded in redeeming the subject through the medium of remarkably lifelike characters and situations. They are admirable types, the two Droesigls, father and son: the father, with his obstinate pride in the work of his head and his hands, satisfied to be the master of his thousands of workingmen, and a captain among captains of industry; the son with the parvenu's ambition for the advantages of rank and culture, and the parvenu's tenacity of purpose. On the other side, there are the scions of aristocracy, impoverished by shiftless and extravagant habits, yet solicitous to maintain the dignity of their title and the traditions of the past.

E. von Keyserlingk's "Beate und Mareile," published in S. Fischer's Bibliothek zeitgenössischer Romane, is one of the best stories of the author, whose novels for their style and their atmosphere alone deserve to be ranked higher than ordinary fiction. He, too, has a social climber in this novel—the fascinating but unscrupulous daughter of the manager of a baronial estate, who, on returning as a famous singer to the scenes of her childhood, is invited to the castle and works havoc among the hearts of the masculine guests. Keyserlingk has a singular gift of investing with individual significance and color the well-worn triangular relation, and the conflict in the hero's soul, when he finds himself placed between two women equally dear to him, is worked out with admirable delicacy and consistency.

A set of characters new in German fiction appears in "Kaspar Krumbholtz," by Herm. Anders Kruger (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), for the scene of this story of an orphan's growth is a Moravian mission school. Of an honesty and purity rare even in those surroundings, given to religious musings and doubts, the sensitive reserved nature of the boy becomes to him the source of years of martyrdom. Into the account of his struggles with the ignorance and the narrowness of his well-meaning guardians and tutors there often enters a touch of humor, though never without a note of sympathy; for the author evidently knows well the follies and the foibles of this remote little world, and has a smile of indulgence for the men and women that rule it.

Hermann Stehr's "Drei Nächte" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a schoolmaster's tragedy. Stehr's art is deeply rooted in the poverty-stricken soil of Silesia, the same soil that produced "The Weavers." A schoolmaster whose heresies have made him an undesirable colleague, and whose personal idiosyncrasies have isolated him from all intercourse except that of his pupils, is the hero of a story heavy with the weight of the incomprehensible. The occult power of the past over lives of the present gives the book its tone. But with this element of mysticism is coupled a close touch with the realities of life, as in the work of Gerhart Hauptmann, who was one of the first to call attention to Stehr.

Friedrich Huch is a writer who stands apart from the general trend of modern German fiction. There is in his works an imaginative quality that seems to take us back a generation or two. In "Pitt und Fox: Die Lebenswege der Brüder Sintrup" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) he records the evolution of his two heroes as leisurely and intimately as if we were not living in a time of rapid transit and literary overproduction. But his method justifies itself, for from the variety of characters that carry the action the reader constantly reverts to the figures of the heroes. Pitt, the dreamer, hyper-conscious, sensitive, analytical, incapable of pleasure without forethought and equally incapable of shaking off the afterthought, is always engaged in a quest for the indefinite. Fox the poseur, clever, enterprising, sociable, unscrupulous in gratifying his wishes, never losing an opportunity or failing to make his margin, is the man of the moment. Life in the towns where they study and work is a shifting background, animated by bourgeois types which are drawn with great fidelity. The plot is one of many incidents and often comes close to a comedy of errors. Yet the story deserves being classed among the more serious fiction of the season.

Several volumes of short stories commend themselves to the reader. Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach's "Ein Buch, das gern ein Volksbuch werden möchte" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a selection of short stories which show the gifted author to great advantage both for her human understanding and her artistic sense. The book contains two of her best tales. That of the district physician whose altruistic consciousness is awakened by the appearance in his community of a visionary reformer has for its background a long forgotten page in the history of Galicia. The other gem in the collection, "Der Vorzugsschüler," anticipated by some years the numerous school tragedies that have since been written in Germany, and have become the vehicle of social criticism and psychological and pedagogical theories.

Georg Engel's "Der verbotene Rausch" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is full of such rollicking good humor as one rarely meets in the fiction of to-day, yet not without a deeper meaning. Rudolf Stratz indulges in excursions into the unknown in his latest book, "Die zwölfte Stunde" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). Of a very high order are the stories by Rudolf Hans Bartsch, which have been published under the title "Vom sterbenden Rokoko" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The author, who has so rapidly risen to well-deserved popularity by his "Zwölf aus der Steiermark" and "Die Haindlkinder," gives proof in this book that his art is not limited to the soil that gave birth to him. With true historic instinct he couples delicate poetic feeling and a sense of dramatic values.

A. von Ende.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

An author is seldom an authoritative source for bibliographical information about his own books. When James Russell Lowell edited his works for a final edition, in 1890, he prefixed the following note to "A Fable for Critics":

> This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication. The secret was kept till several persons had laid claim to its authorship.

And in a letter to R. W. Gilder, dated February 9, 1887, he says of the poem: "I wrote it (slap-dash, in less than a week, I think) with no notion of publication." The correspondence between Lowell and Briggs, part-

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ly published and partly unpublished, shows more accurately the facts as to the writing and publication of the book.

On November 13, 1847, Lowell copied off "Emerson," as a specimen, and sent it to Briggs, saying that "about six hundred lines" were ready, "all written with one impulse" and "the work of not a great many hours." This portion was copied out on December 31, and sent to Briggs as a New Year's gift, and instructions were given for its publication. Toward the end of January, 1848, Briggs wrote: "When I send you the first proofs you must send me back some more copy, but don't let it interfere with your review articles nor with anything that will produce you cash or comforts of any kind." On February 1 Lowell had, in addition, "and exclusive of Emerson, etc., about a hundred lines," "chiefly about Willis and Longfellow." On March 26 he was "waiting for pleasanter weather in order to finish" the poem. In that letter he told Briggs: "I hope you will write and give me a spur"; and adds, "I ought not to have sent you any part of it till I had finished it entirely." On May 12 he had "begun upon the 'Fable' again fairly," and was "making some headway." On May 19 he asked Sidney Howard Gay to "tell Briggs I have finished John Neal, Hawthorne, Cooper, myself, and something more, and that there will not be more than twelve hundred lines." Meanwhile, Briggs had written, on April 22: "I cannot make any definite arrangements about publishing the 'Fable' until I know the size of it." And on June 3, "Putnam will publish the 'Fable' as soon as the remainder of it comes to hand, and in very handsome style." The last of the "copy" was sent on August 22. On October 4 Lowell wrote: "I send half the proof to-day—t'other to-morrow."

Although the rhymed title page says: "Set forth in October the 21st day," the book was not published until October 25. Briggs says (under the latter date): "They advertised it Saturday (October 21), but the copies were not obtained until this morning. They are mortified about it, but nobody was to blame, as they say when a steamboat blows up." In the collected edition of the "Poetical Works," Boston, 1857, the date of publication was changed to "October the 31st day." Mr. Scudder gives this as the date of "the first title page," and Mr. Greenslet copies his error.

One line, "A Vocal and Musical Medley," was in some way omitted from the title page of the first edition, spoiling the rhyme if not the sense. Briggs advised Lowell to "wait for the second edition before you send any to your particular friends, for I fear that they will laugh at your New York publishers, for the style in which the books is issued." And, in the same letter: "Craighead is a very good printer; he was too busy to do the 'Fable,' and Putnam gave it to a new, but reputed good, printer, by way of trying him." One thousand copies of the first edition were printed. On November 27 Briggs wrote: "Every copy of the 'Fable' was sold a fortnight ago, and the second edition is now about two-thirds stereotyped."

In the first edition, printed from type, the half-title (with publisher's list on reverse) and title form one signature, two leaves (without mark); "To the Reader," one signature, two leaves (with signature mark "1"); while the text is six signatures of six leaves each (marked "2," "3," "4," "5," "6," and "7") and one signature of a single leaf marked "8."

Several editions were printed from the stereotype plates, which were made after the first thousand copies were disposed of. A "Preliminary Note to the Second Edition," filling six pages, was prepared, but some copies were sent out before it was ready. Copies of the earliest printing consisted of three signatures of twelve leaves each, the last ending on page 72. The next two leaves, pages 73 to 76, form a fourth signature, and the last two leaves, pages 77 to 80, form a fifth. This copy does not contain, and apparently never has contained, the three extra leaves, the "Preliminary Note."

The second printing has also three signatures of twelve leaves each, the last ending on page 72. Then comes a signature of eight leaves, being pages 73 to 80 of text, and four leaves of advertisements (pages 9 to 16 of Putnams' Catalogue). The "Preliminary Note," three leaves, was separately printed and pasted in on the fourth leaf of the first signature. These leaves were, in most copies, pasted on before the book was bound, but Mr. Chamberlain possessed a copy in which the three leaves had evidently been inserted after binding.

In a third form the title leaf is a separate signature, followed by three signatures of twelve leaves each, of which the last ends on page 68. Pages 69 to 80 form a fourth signature of eight leaves. The "Preliminary Note," three leaves, forms part of the first signature. The copy of this form examined has the last line of the imprint "G. P. Putnam, 10 Park Place." The title was not reset, merely this change made in the stereotyped plate. This copy has advertisements dated "June, 1854," bound in at the end. The only signature marks on any of these stereotyped editions are "1" on page [iii] and "2*" on page 33.

Some of the more important typographical differences between the first and later editions are:

The first edition has a half-title, not in later editions.

The later editions have the added line on title, "A Vocal and Musical Medley," not on the title of the first edition.

Later editions have a printer's imprint on verso of the title below the copyright.

The first edition has a waved rule above "To the Reader." No rule in the later editions.

The text is numbered [5] to 78 in the first edition; [7] to 80 in the later editions.

The first edition has a rule below the headline at the top of each page, not in later editions.

Correspondence.

SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS IN SHAKESPEARE'S DAY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Of the comments on the question of girls' schools in Elizabethan England that have appeared in the *Nation* (called out by my letter of February 18), and that have been sent to me from correspondents in this country and abroad (in England and Germany), the most noteworthy occurs in a letter from a teacher in Philadelphia, who refers me to the notice of a boarding-school for young ladies in vol. VII of Miss Strickland's "Queens of England" (see also Bohn's edition, vol. IV, pp. 124-126), in the chapter dealing with Anne of Denmark. There we read that in 1617 "her majesty sojourned at Greenwich palace during the King's absence"; and the writer adds:

> The young women of Lady's Hall, a great boarding-school at the neighboring town of Deptford, performed a masquerade for the diversion of her majesty. In the course of the prologue, the Queen was addressed thus:
>
> The lovely crew
> Of Lady's hall, a pure academy,
> Where Modesty doth sway as governess,
> These pretty nimps [nymphs] devoted to your grace
> Present a sport, which they do yearly celebrate
> On Candlemas night with due solemnity
> And great applause.

The piece was entitled "Cupid's Banishment," and in the course of it there was a song: "The Nimps' Song and Joy that Cupid is gone." This seems to have been written from the teachers' point of view rather than that of the pupils.

A young man, Richard Browne, personated Diana in the masque. The scholars brought the Queen gifts of their needlework.

Miss Strickland is surprised that a man should have been called in to personate Diana; but this was not strange in that day, when all female parts on the stage were played by boys or young men. Diana was probably the only part calling for much speech or action. The attendant "nimps" only sang and, perhaps, danced.

Miss Strickland says that this is "the earliest notice of a boarding school to be found among the memorials of English costumes" [customs?]; and that such schools had then "succeeded to the ancient convents where girls were formerly educated."

If this school dated back to the suppression of the convents under Henry VIII, it was in existence when Shakespeare wrote the plays in which schoolgirls are mentioned. Probably there were other schools of the kind; and this one, only three miles from London, would very likely be known to the dramatist. The reference to the needlework and the singing of the pupils is in keeping with what Helena says to Hermia about their schoolday employments.

Miss Strickland, of course, made a very thorough and careful study of the history of the period, and it is curious that she found no earlier mention of schools for girls, and that no other writer, so far as I know, has discovered anything on the subject in historical and other literature. What she gives suffices to prove that such schools existed when Shakespeare wrote; and I hope that my calling attention to the question may lead to further investigation and perhaps to fuller information concerning it.

W. J. Rolfe.

Cambridge, Mass., July 12.

UNCUT LEAVES.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The recently begun cutting of the *Nation's* leaves, for which the thanks of its readers are due, emboldens me to express my long pent-up indignation against publishers who do not cut the leaves of their books. One can understand the practice in light novels, whose readers care for such fancies. In more serious works it is often very annoying.

Last winter, in Rome, when I was constantly referring to the thirteen volumes

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of Gregorovius's History, it was the cause of daily exasperation to have to fumble through its home-cut ragged pages.

I have on my shelf five volumes of the Cambridge Modern History, a book which none but the most hardened devotees of history will read, who surely are above caring for bookbinders' fads. Why have the publishers aggravated the difficulty of the task—in all conscience difficult enough—of mastering this work by leaving the pages uncut?

Will not our publishers use a little discretion and save the reader from the filthiness of home-cut books, and the annoyance in their use? S.

Garden City, N. Y., July 15.

BRUGMANN'S ANNIVERSARY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: During the coming week will be celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of Karl Brugmann's occupancy of the chair of Indogermanische Sprachwissenschaft in the University of Leipzig. Brugmann received his appointment as *ordinarius* June 21, 1884, and entered upon his duties August 26. An intermediate date, falling within the period of the Leipzig University jubilee festivities, has been selected, and at 11 A. M., July 27, in the Indogermanisches Institut, there will be formally presented to Professor Brugmann a *Festschrift* representing sixty contributors, and a *tabula gratulatoria.*

Brugmann's leading position in the field of Indo-European comparative philology is too well known to warrant any recitation here of his achievements. His extraordinary command of a now unwieldy material, his sanity of view and clarity of exposition, are the inspiration, if not the despair, of all who have to deal with problems of historical grammar. His numerous American friends and former pupils will surely desire to be present in spirit on July 27, and join in the congratulations offered him. Carl D. Buck.

University of Chicago, July 17.

SPEAKING THE LINGO.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The Secretary of State recently published a list of twenty-three promotions in the American consular service which meet with praise as an indication that that service is placed on an "absolutely business basis." Such praise can scarcely seem wholly deserved unless ability to speak and write the language of the country has been made an essential to appointment to a consulship. Let us hope it has.

Towards the end of the last Administration, a gentleman, commanding, I believe, two continental languages, was "promoted" from a neighboring country to an important city in Italy, where, as he says, he does not "speak the lingo," and where, in the absence of an American assistant who does, he must depend upon Italian clerks to translate all documents. I would not imply that the clerks in this instance are not above temptation, but, unfortunately, public corruption, as the recent general elections, the frequent charges against the administration of the earthquake funds, and other scandals abundantly indicate, is not less known in this country than in others, and complications are conceivable which would prove that such a consulate is not upon a "business basis."

No Name.

Tuscany, Italy, July 4, 1909.

Notes.

Houghton Mifflin Co. has secured the American copyright of the "Autobiography of Henry M. Stanley," edited by Lady Stanley. This book, which promises a vivid story, will be published in the autumn.

Alfred Noyes's epic on "Drake," which had the unique honor of appearing serially in *Blackwood's Magazine*, will be brought out next autumn in book form by Frederick A. Stokes Co. This American edition will have a special introduction.

Anatole France is said to have chosen for the subject of his next work "The Fall of the Angels," based on the story of Milton's "Paradise Lost."

John Murray of London will soon issue a book by Richard Edgcumbe, on the closing years of Byron's life, under the title of "The Last Phase." It gives an account of Byron in Greece, and denies the scandalous conclusions of the present Lord Lovelace in the privately printed volume "Astarte."

Friends of the late Dr. Lowell Mason, who have letters from him, or any memorabilia, will confer a favor by communicating with Henry L. Mason, No. 188 Bay State Road, Boston. Mr. Mason is the grandson of Dr. Lowell Mason, whose life he is writing.

We are informed that the library of the late Prof. Simon Newcomb is offered for sale either *en bloc* or in parts. The collection is naturally rich in books on astronomy, mathematics, and physics, and also has a large number of works on economical subjects. A typewritten catalogue of the library had been prepared under Professor Newcomb's personal direction. To any one contemplating purchase of the library this catalogue will be sent on application to the executor of the estate, at No. 1620 P Street, Washington, D. C.

The committee which took up the task of preparing a suitable memorial address to the University of Leipzig at its 500th anniversary has completed its work far enough to send through Prof. Williston Walker a document on three sheets of vellum, printed in illuminated Caxton letters which belong to the period of the establishment of the University. In addition to this memorial a fund of about $350 is being utilized in sending to the library certain back numbers of American scholarly journals for which it made special request to the committee, and also in presenting subscriptions to a number of American scholarly journals. The committee has acknowledged personally to each of the subscribers the receipt of checks and other remittances. If any member of the association cares for a detailed account of the shipments to the library, this can be secured by writing to the secretary, Prof. Charles H. Judd of the University of Chicago.

A smoking room full of English sporting men talking pretty steadily between Liverpool and New York, an intelligent stenographer assisting, might on landing have delivered to the publishers (E. P. Dutton & Co.) the curious colloquial miscellany called by its authors, Messrs. Ralph Nevill and Charles Edward Jerningham, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall." These very wise collaborators know all that a man of the world needs to know about London fashionable gossip, clubs, courtesans, race courses, parks, and galleries of art. They write for the most part with something of the wan poetic melancholy of the elderly clubman—where are the bucks, the dames, the splendid spendthrifts of yesteryear? They lead off with some forty pages of slightly risky aristocratic anecdote, ranging from nameless native noblemen to the Shah of Persia and Li Hung Chang. A Latin jest of George IV, of famous memory, will bear quotation. *Forbidden by his physician under peril of serious consequences to attend a certain masquerade ball, that finely romantic sovereign,* then Prince of Wales, replied: "Ah, well, *Beati sunt illi qui moriuntur in Domino.*" Like most men of their type, our authors are moralists of distinct views regarding the government of their world. Sir Charles Sedley himself could not have exhibited a more cutting contempt for the morality based on sentiment and Puritanism which is attempting to repress the natural instincts of modern England. The proper authorities in the moral sphere, they contend, are the biologists, and biologists are united, are they not? in declaring the folly of attempting to eradicate our natural bent toward sinning. Mr. Nevill, unaided, contributes an entire chapter in which he urges that the *hetaira* should be not exactly honored and supported at the public expense, but at least looked upon with greater leniency, and not insulted and hounded from one part of the city to another. The authors have also some valuable suggestions which, if acted upon, they think, would tend to attract more people of moderate means to the race track, which, alas, is no longer what it used to be. Passing over many mentionable features of this very helpful work, we must not forget to say that the distinctive stylistic marks are the free use of the "cleft infinitive" and the "floating participle," and that the book may be bought for $3.50 net.

Misguided affection has led John Mayne Colles to publish in pretentious form the "Journal of John Mayne" (John Lane). In the months after the first abdication of Napoleon, when the continent was reopened to English travellers, John Mayne, a youth of twenty-three, made the grand tour and kept the diary now published. He met no persons of importance, and did nothing of special interest; his observations rarely rise above the commonplace. The burden of the journal is occupied with the petty details of what he ate, whether the beds were hard or soft, and how he was continually overcharged by the French and Italians. Such a record, gastronomic, somnolent, and mercenary, may doubtless be interesting to members of the Mayne family, but to others has little that is edifying or amusing.

"Remaking the Mississippi," by John Lathrop Mathews (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is a description in non-technical terms of the engineering experience of the Federal and State governments with the river system of the Mississippi Valley. Their problem was to convert a stream, obstructed by shifting sand-bars and altered by moving banks,

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blocked by snags, robbed of its water supply by forest denudation, and interrupted by alternate periods of drought and flood, into a tractable river with water sufficient at all times, and never too much, for navigation, and with its channel free. The problem is not yet solved, but the engineering knowledge acquired through experiment puts its solution within reach. This story of levee building, of revetment, of the Eads jetties, of canalization, with its struggles year after year against the almost human perversity of the Great River, reads like a romance. That all this effort has contributed almost nothing to navigation is attributed by the author to the shortsighted, unsystematic, and irregular appropriations and regulations of the Federal government. He is a strong advocate of the new policy represented by the Inland Waterway Commission, which contemplates the development of our water resources for all purposes simultaneously—water conservation to prevent floods, develop power, and provide irrigation, as well as to aid navigation. A second volume is promised which will discuss in detail future engineering plans and traffic questions. However, on the latter point the author makes his position clear by his contention that the development of railways was not primarily the cause of the destruction of river traffic. Rather, it was due to the interruptions and devastations of the war, during which time transcontinental traffic and ocean commerce from the Eastern seaboard developed rapidly, and to the failure after the war to apply the inventive energy and to show the financial courage necessary to solve the problem of uncertain channels and inefficient terminal service. With a farsighted, consistent policy of water conservation and control, with adequate facilities for cheap and safe handling of commodities, with the separation of freight and passenger traffic, with the introduction into water transportation of the business methods in use in the railways, and with sufficient capital in the hands of the corporations conducting water commerce to weather the first fierce storms of competition, the river system, in the opinion of the author, will be restored to its old-time place. Then, with the opening of the Panama Canal, the Mississippi "will have come into its own."

In a volume of somewhat more than six hundred pages, Dr. Walter F. Adeney has given a history of all eastern Christianity, dealing in the first half of his book with the main body of the Eastern Church down to the fall of Constantinople, in the second with the separate churches from their origins to the present day ("The Greek and Eastern Churches," Chas. Scribner's Sons). The writer's catholic sympathy is evident on every page. While not masking his own opinions, he never adopts a controversial tone, but presents in a fair-minded fashion the merits and defects of each of the warring factions in the church, and of the pagan and Mohammedan foes of the Christian world. Not less noteworthy is the literary skill with which he handles his complex material, never letting minor details distract the reader's attention from the main current of history. In his descriptions of general social condition, such as his chapter on Eastern Monasticism, he is particularly successful. In so vast a subject, the author could not treat every topic with equal competence; mistakes of names, apparently due to careless manuscript and hasty proof-reading, are uncomfortably frequent in his account of the Russian Church. But the book as a whole is a readable and serviceable introduction to a division of ecclesiastical history little known to the ordinary student.

In "The Century of the Child" (Putnams) Ellen Key, who is perhaps Sweden's foremost woman, sums up her life's thought and experience. While both the book and its author have had a great vogue in her native country and in Germany, they are not well known here. The central thought of the book, the *alpha* and *omega* as she herself says, is this:

> Try to leave the child in peace; interfere directly as seldom as possible; keep away all crude and impure impressions; but give all your care and energy to see that personality, life itself, reality in its simplicity, and in its nakedness, shall all be the means of training the child.

Her criticism of the schools and school methods of to-day is unsparing. By mechanical methods, by hypocritical ideas concerning propriety and the social ethics, by ignoring the child's native desires, we suppress the real personality of the child. Instead we should allow nature slowly and quietly to help itself, taking care only that the surrounding conditions help the work of nature. Many of Ellen Key's ideas are familiar to us, and are found in practice in our schools. Many others are most radical. But the whole book breathes a love for the child, a respect for his individuality, and a sincerity that are most attractive. Her point of view in the first chapter, which has the suggestive title, "The Right of the Child to Choose His Parents," is made evident in her statement that whereas it is said that we are obliged to thank our parents for life, frequently parents should ask the children's pardon for their existence. No chapter of the book is more interesting and more timely than "The Unborn Race and Woman's Work." "According to my way of thinking," says Ellen Key, "not woman, but the mother, is the most precious possession of the nation, so precious that society advances its own highest well-being when it protects the function of the mother."

The last volumes of the "Political History of England" (Longmans) are appearing at much longer intervals than the first. I. S. Leadam's (vol. IX, 1702-1760) deals with a period generally accounted arid by the historian, nor do the limitations of the series and of the writer of this volume in any way serve to remove the impression. Anne and George, Marlborough and his Duchess, the Old and the Young Pretender, Bolingbroke, and Swift and Sacheverell, are all dealt by as the words of the document and the historical conscience demand; and the result is a gallery of lay figures. Mr. Leadam is at his best unfolding the conflicts of Whigs and Tories in Parliament and drawing on the Historical MSS. for material; he is less satisfactory dealing with economic questions, as, for instance, in the matter of the union between England and Scotland; he is quite insufficient when it comes to the atmosphere of his period and its personalities. We shall have occasion to speak of these later volumes at greater length when the work is completed.

"Human Nature in Politics," by Graham Wallas (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is an interesting, suggestive, inconclusive work. It is an outcome of the author's experience in English municipal politics, in which he tested ideals by the facts of life, and was thus led to produce an able and candid examination of the theory and the practice of politics, exhibiting their present want of correspondence and making tentative suggestions of adjustment. "One feels," he says, "that many of the more systematic books on politics by American university professors are useless, just because the writers dealt with abstract men." But on Mr. Wallas's own showing English university professors have not attained greater competency, and the only conclusion to which the work comes seems to be this: Wanted, political theories that will account for political facts. Incidentally the book casts light upon present political tendencies in England. Democracy there seeks concentration of power with the purpose of securing responsibility for results. He remarks that "since 1888 Parliament, in reconstructing the system of English local government, has steadily diminished the number of elections, with the avowed purpose of increasing their efficiency." The book is written in a simple, engaging style, giving ample evidence that together with vision the author has unfailing common sense and humor.

It was noted in these columns some months ago that the Greek government, by royal decree, and as a befitting mark of the centennial of Grecian independence, had determined to publish on an extensive and elaborate scale a Thesaurus of the Greek language from the beginning of its literature to the present day. The father of this great enterprise, Prof. G. N. Chatzidakis of the University of Athens, has just published in the leading popular journal of Greece, the *Panathenaia*, a full programme of what is to be undertaken. The most notable feature in the plan is that a beginning is to be made by the collection of materials for a dictionary of modern Greek. Prof. Karl Krumbacher of the University of Munich, the leading living authority on Byzantine Greek, discusses this whole enterprise learnedly in the *Internationale Wochenschrift* of Berlin, No. 22, suggesting two serious objections to the methods proposed by Chatzidakis. Rather unexpectedly the whole project is meeting with decided opposition among Greek savants themselves, this being voiced especially by the veteran Prof. G. Mistriotis, the most influential member of the teaching corps of the University of Athens, who declares that the project of collecting the "vulgar," "dialectic," and "foreign" material and not confining the work to the classical and literary language is "antinational and a fearful betrayal of the Fatherland." He quotes with approval the criticism of the former Minister Delyannis, who, when on a journey, found several adherents of the "vulgar" Greek collecting such material from the lips of old women; and is amazed that now the government itself is to publish a dictionary of such words. The whole controversy will be recognized at once as a new phase of an old quarrel between the classicists and the non-classicists of modern Greece.

The fourth edition of Part II of Col. A. O. Green's "Practical Arabic Grammar"

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(Henry Frowde) differs from the third edition only in some changes in the system of transliteration designed to bring the work into accord with the modern practice. The judiciously arranged exercises, the selections from Arabic authors and newspapers, the English and Arabic letters and manuscripts, the vocabularies, and the comparative table of classical and modern Arabic forms and expressions make this volume an admirable aid to those who are beginning the study of the language.

Young Schiller is a figure still surrounded to many of us by the halo of romance, borrowed from the atmosphere of "Die Räuber." By selecting from the complete correspondence the letters of his youth and editing them separately, Max Hecker has done a meritorious work. "Briefe des jungen Schiller" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.) is a more direct and intimate record of the development of his personality than any biography can hope to give. Typical of the high-strung emotionalism of the youth chafing under the discipline of the Karlsschule, are the letters to his friends, especially that epistle to Scharffenstein, full of the fervid sentiment and pathos, which, though undoubtedly genuine at the time, gave to his later writings, whenever it recurred, a slight tinge of insincerity. But the bulk of these letters to his sister Christophine, to his motherly guardian angel Frau von Wolzogen, to his patron Dalberg, to Schröder, Körner, and others is concerned with his plans and hopes, and is haunted with the spectre of poverty. The financial obligations which Schiller had incurred by his flight from the academy and the publication of "Die Räuber" preyed on his mind. Reiterated apology and subterfuge make them truly pathetic reading. The element of humor, however, is not absent. His frequent clamoring for a new supply of writing paper, goose quills, and snuff is rather amusing. The editor has supplied a readable introduction.

So little is really known of the celebrated Jakob M. R. Lenz, the German-Russian friend of Goethe, that the student of German literature cannot fail to welcome the first biography of the poet, a volume of 557 octavo pages from the pen of Dr. M. N. Rosanow, *Privat-docent* in the University of Moscow. Dr. Rosanow has but fulfilled the wish of Goethe that such a *Leben* should be written; although Tieck and others made various efforts to represent the poet of the storm and stress period. By careful examination of the archives at Strasburg, Berlin, and the British Museum, the Russian scholar has been able at last to picture with satisfactory certainty the various episodes of Lenz's career. There are the student days in Königsberg, the study of Shakespeare, as Goethe had undertaken, under the same Alsacian skies, the dramatic experiments contemporaneous with the American Revolution, and, not least interesting, the visit to the court of Weimar in 1776. One hundred solid pages of notes present an astounding commentary on the various chapters; but unfortunately there is no index.

Fichte's "Reden an die deutsche Nation" have been reëdited by Rudolf Eucken and are published in an attractive volume (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.). The feature of the book is the illuminating introduction, in which the author defines the importance of Fichte in that critical period of German history, when the nation needed a leader of his philosophical latitude.

A handsome volume in "Die Bücher der Rose" (imported by G. E. Stechert & Co.), is called "Die Droste" and contains letters, stories, and poems by Annette von Droste-Hülshoff, the most gifted poet among German women in the nineteenth century.

Francis Almon Gaskill of the Massachusetts Superior Court died July 16, at the age of sixty-three. He was long a trustee of Worcester Academy and of Brown University. He published one book, "Civic History of Worcester, Mass."

John Goode, last surviving member of the Virginia secession convention, has died at Norfolk. He was the author of "Recollections of a Lifetime," and of a series of articles called "Civilian Chieftains of the Confederacy."

A dispatch from London announces the death of the Rev. George Tyrrell, for many years a member of the Society of Jesus, from which he separated on account of his sympathies with modernism. Father Tyrrell's articles on religious subjects were condemned by the Holy Office, and he was deprived by the Pope, in 1907, of the privilege of administering the sacraments. He wrote largely on the modern movement.

Rosa Nouchette Carey, the English writer of popular novels, died July 19. Her first work, "Nellie's Memories," was published in 1868; her last, "The Angel of Forgiveness," in 1907. In the intervening years she wrote a large number of stories which for the most part are now forgotten.

Dr. Henry Cazalis has died at Geneva, at the age of sixty-nine. He wrote books on many subjects, and used other pen names besides that under which he was best known, "Jean Lahor." His most popular volumes of verse are: "Les Illusions," "Cantique des Cantiques," and "Les Quatrains d'Al-Gazali." Other books are "Étude sur Henry Regnault," "La Gloire du néant," "William Morris et le mouvement nouveau de l'art décoratif," "La Pathogénie de l'arthritisme," and "Les Risques pathologiques du mariage."

FRANK SANBORN'S REMINISCENCES.

Recollections of Seventy Years. By F. B. Sanborn of Concord. Boston: Richard G. Badger. 2 vols. $5 net.

Mr. Sanborn's memoirs will surprise those of his readers who, knowing him only by the caustic journalism of his later years, suppose him to be wholly devoted to that sort of self-expression. These two volumes cover, roughly, his life down to the civil war, although in several cases they reach a later date. There is, for instance, a chapter on the Concord School of Philosophy. On the whole, we think Mr. Sanborn well-advised in stopping where he did; because the real interest of his recollections lies not so much in his own achievements as in his contact with one tremendous historic episode and in his intimacy with two or three great American writers. The work of his later life in various practical reforms may have been useful, but it could not well furnish the staple of an important autobiography. It is when he is Boswellizing about Concord that we listen to him most gladly.

For its intrinsic importance, however, the John Brown story, which fills nearly all of the first volume, outranks the other topics. Mr. Sanborn has written and spoken so often about Brown that one might wonder that he had anything more to say. In fact, however, he gives here an account of the martyr-fanatic from the opening of the Kansas campaign, furnishing a good many unpublished letters, and inserting others that have been scattered through various publications. The reader will not get from him a final, symmetrical chronicle —for Mr. Sanborn's mind is too miscellaneous to produce a finished work of art—but he will learn many indispensable facts. Considering the acrimony with which every detail has been fought over hitherto, Mr. Sanborn's uncontroversial spirit is as refreshing as it is unexpected. He has exchanged gall for rosewater. The result is greatly to John Brown's advantage. So far as we see him in these pages, he might be one of Cromwell's men in zeal and in his conviction that he was doing the Lord's work; as simple as a child in most of his dealings, as unshaken as Abdiel in the face of danger and death. We wish, however, that Mr. Sanborn had been, in some cases, more explicit. The Potawotamie execution, for example, he refers to several times, but beyond saying that whatever Brown did he unquestionably believed he was right in doing, Mr. Sanborn hardly supplies us the necessary facts for forming our own opinion. Servants of the Lord, as the Old Testament historians abundantly teach us, are not always free from guile; and we should like to know how far John Brown resembled, in this respect, his Hebrew models.

But Mr. Sanborn may reasonably rejoin that he is writing his own recollections, which deal with Brown only as he was personally concerned in Brown's affairs. The vividness of Mr. Sanborn's impressions, and the clearness with which he describes them are as valuable, in their way, as the documents. We have real bits of the anti-slavery sentiment which, in the late fifties, was becoming a religion to many earnest souls in the North. Nothing is more characteristic than the matter-of-fact tone in which Mr. Sanborn tells how he and his friends engaged in treasonable plots against the government; and certainly there have been few stranger meetings in America than that at the Revere House, Boston, at which Sanborn, the young schoolmaster; Theodore Parker, the eloquent minister; Dr. S. G. Howe; G. M. Stearns, the Medford philanthropist, and Gerrit Smith discussed whether

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or not to give John Brown the signal to go ahead. When such men turn conspirators, either a revolution or the madhouse is near.

In the second volume Mr. Sanborn devotes himself to Concord, prefacing his account of its authors and customs with reminiscences of his first love affair and of his formative years at Exeter and at Harvard. We should be glad to have a more consecutive story, but that is beyond his purpose. He gives us instead a multitude of miscellaneous facts and impressions, some vital, others trivial, nearly all interesting. Considering the number of times that he has raked and reraked this field, it is surprising that he has still some fresh gleanings to offer. Read these chapters, and you will see, better perhaps than anywhere else, the daily humdrum of village life in Concord, if that may be called humdrum in which so many queer, and a few remarkable, persons were concerned. Mr. Sanborn says somewhere that he had a passion for knowing men; that he gratified this passion appears on every page. His interest in his fellow-beings is as insatiate as a savant's curiosity. He knows all about the humblest dweller in Concord—be he the butcher, the baker, or the hogreeve—not less than about the celebrities. And he knows equally well what flowers or birds are to be found in the Carlisle woods or on Nashawtuc, by the Assabet, or along the shores of Walden Pond.

He produces the effect of a glorified gossip, or garrulous town-pump. To him no item comes amiss; by him nothing is forgotten. There is a lack of perspective, a temperamental inability to coördinate and to generalize. Mention the name Hosmer, or Bartlett, or Barrett or Buttrick, and he reels off the proper genealogy, with some anecdote of every member of the family whom he mentions. This results in a sort of Pepysian disconnectedness, but it has also the Pepysian charm of real life.

When it comes to the portraits of Concord celebrities, we do not observe that Mr. Sanborn brings much that will cause a revision of the opinions which the well-informed already hold; but we note, with satisfaction, that his former extravagant admiration of Alcott and Thoreau has considerably abated. Thoreau was certainly a striking figure in American literature, but it is plain now to everybody, as it has always been to the judicious, that he does not belong in the same class with Emerson. Even Mr. Sanborn permits us to suspect that Thoreau consciously imitated his master, and he admits that both Thoreau and Ellery Channing were rasped by Emerson's Olympian aloofness. Mr. Sanborn strives, as usual, to make a hero out of Ellery Channing; as a friend's zeal for a friend, it is a pious task. But has friendly piety no allegiance to truth? Is it desirable that a man who shirked every obligation and evaded every duty, who abandoned his children and family, in order to give himself up to a life of perfectly selfish irresponsibility — gormandizing books, playing at verse-making, dallying with ideas—should go down to posterity with implied commendation, as one in whom "imagination and *conscience* were strangely intermixed and transfused"? If friends will write biography, let them remember that the claims of truth transcend even those of friendship.

But we cannot close our notice of these recollections in a tone less genial than that which Mr. Sanborn maintains, almost without a break, to the end. Despite its formlessness, and the rather too frequent resort to scissors and paste, the book is very readable. It will be one of the permanent sources of information for those who study John Brown and the Concord Group. To the student of social manners and customs, it will be scarcely less valuable, because it gives a hundred short-range glimpses of Yankee village life during the second and third quarters of the nineteenth century—that life which is as obsolete to-day as is the Boston of Cotton Mather. It is plain enough that some of the Concord egoists, who thought themselves geniuses, and absolved from the duties common to civilized men, were thinly disguised, or undisguised, cranks. Their verses and their lucubrations, and their diaries filled with anæmic introspection, will impose on nobody to-day. But the true Concord community —with Emerson, and Hawthorne, and with Thoreau, too—can no more lose its significance for Americans than Weimar can for Germans. These recollections by Mr. Sanborn contain much authentic news of it.

We must call particular attention to the illustrations, which include many rare portraits.

CURRENT FICTION.

The White Mice. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Davis here makes another excursion into those fields of South American adventure, or quasi-adventure, which he has hitherto found profitable. "The White Mice" is a fantastic society formed in a convivial moment for the nominal purpose of saving deserving lives. The founding of the order takes place in the Far East, which should be sufficient preparation for the fact that the incidents with which we are concerned occur on our own side of the globe. Not without precedent, an ex-college athlete is the hero. He has pitched at Yale: hence we may expect anything of him in South America. Piquancy is given to the present situation by the fact that, very early in the game, he finds himself at odds with his father, who is at the head of a great American firm of lighthouse builders. The son has been dispatched to Porto Cabello to be kept out of mischief by a minor engineering job, at a few dollars a week.

But it does not really matter how few dollars a week are his portion, how much he may find himself at odds with paternal authority, for he is destined to marry "the richest girl in Venezuela." Her father is immured in an island fortress, and she herself, with her mother and sister, has been banished to an island yet more remote. The ex-Yale pitcher and other "White Mice" take up the liberation of the father at first as an amusement, but presently (the pitcher having become informally acquainted with the girl) as a religion. A native popinjay who wishes to marry her, in part for political reasons, adds to the merriment of the game. There follow plots and counter-plots, veiled messages, lively broils by day, sensational, but for the principal parties safe, encounters by night. An ancient tunnel, sealed, but not guarded, leads to the dungeon where languishes the people's hero—that is, the girl's father. The ex-pitcher finds out about it, penetrates it, blows up the walls of the deadly dungeon, and, after some further adventure (the outcome whereof is a foregone conclusion), rescues the paternal patriot, and escorts him to the arms of his fellow-patriots, who, by a not too odd coincidence, have at that moment triumphed over his foes, and need but him to make their joy complete. When we say that the girl had a hand in this timely rescue (for the enemy would have fatally pinked the prisoner if his rescue had been delayed by a few seconds), we say all that need be said in favor of a rattling "romance" which has, admit the publishers, already gone into numerous editions.

Wallace Rhodes. By Norah Davis. New York: Harper & Bros.

Of standard themes in fiction none wears better than that of a married pair learning to fall in love with each other. The situations are so made to the hand! Those elegant summer breakfasts on terraces, where the bride longs, yet fears, to give her husband a flower! Those drives, with coy, piquant conversation, and burning blushes if the word "wife" or "husband" be uttered! What zest may be lent to the book by its romantic solution of the enigma, "How to be proper though unchaperoned"! It is all familiar ground, and from "The Taming of the Shrew" to Miss Mühlbach it holds its own.

The case of "Wallace Rhodes" of the Mississippi cotton lands has, of course, special features. A father sets himself

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deliberately to supplanting his son in order to show him the unworthiness of a reckless coquette. His intention is to draw the girl into an indiscreet unconventionality and thus convince the son, who is engaged to her, that the match must be broken. Finding that he has involved the girl in the public eye more deeply than he intended, the father marries her. He then proceeds to make a deliberate covenant with the son that he will hand over the wife to him at the end of a year, on the trifling condition that Veronica, whom both mistakenly fancy to be still in love with the son, shall wish to be so conveyed. But a simple attitude would naturally be fatal to a complicated story, and so for three hundred pages this father, this son, this wife, and an alternate bride with a scheming aunt play in and out.

The strange thing is that a father capable of such revolting behavior should figure as a knight of potent charm and pure intent. The personality of Veronica is elaborated rather successfully. A girl she is "with nothing but beauty and little ways," and a "polished nullity of manner"; but these are enough to make a deal of mischief. The glances, gazes, eyes, and eyelashes of all the parties concerned constitute a mobilized force by themselves. Their varied manœuvres and metaphysical messages are full of prophecy. In the future the language of eyelashes may replace the more grossly material human speech. Meantime they rather disconcert the plain reader, who comes from these ocular acrobatics with almost a sense of physical eye-strain.

The actual story, entertainingly carried along, is made on a foundation quite too artificial to give the book a firm hold on acceptance. The mind rebels at the evolution of a hero from a blackguard, and at the nauseous mixture of affection and rivalry between father and son.

Red Horse Hill. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

A melodramatic bent is a good servant but a poor master; and it is deplorable to see a writer of real talent exhibit an increasing lack of restraint in her use of this dangerous ingredient. Regretfully as one observed the retrogression from the poise of "Truth Dexter" to the turgidity of the two Japanese novels that followed, it was to be supposed that the exotic atmosphere of the *mise-en-scène* might be responsible in some degree for the change; but in her present book Mrs. Fenollosa returns to America with no loss of Oriental mannerism. Her purpose in this book is obviously high, and her central situation is a powerful one—the idolized wife of a wealthy mill-owner, aware of the illegal conditions prevailing in her husband's mill, but intrenched in a comfortable inaction bulwarked with sophistry, discovers in one of the victims of defective machinery her own lost child by a previous marriage. This idea, involving the facts of child labor in Southern factories, would have made a powerful book had it not been weakened by an hysterical riot of individual emotion on the part of the actors in the drama.

The Scottish Staple at Veere. By the late John Davidson and Alexander Gray. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $4.50 net.

This is an able and scholarly book on an important phase of an extremely thorny subject—the product of the joint efforts of the late Prof. John Davidson of the University of New Brunswick, who drew the plan of the work and accumulated the bulk of the material, and of Alexander Gray, who has carried the labors of his predecessor to a worthy completion. It falls really into two main divisions: The former, corresponding to Part i and comprising the first 112 pages of the volume, gives an admirable summary of the development of Scottish trade up to the close of the sixteenth century; the second, corresponding to Parts ii and iii, and forming the bulk of the work, describes in detail the history, organization, and development of the Scottish staple in the Netherlands. As "the history of the connection of Scotland with the Low Countries is really the history of Scottish trade," the story of the Staple at Veere, or "Campvere" as the Scots preferred to call it, is a matter of more general interest and importance than would at first sight seem to be the case; the trade of Scotland with England (where incessant warfare rendered continuous commercial dealings impossible), with France, and even with the Hanseatic League and the Scandinavian nations, is, relatively speaking, insignificant.

Scottish commercial relations with the Netherlands date back to the end of the twelfth century, when we find that goods obtained from Scotland were included in a list of merchandise imported by Bruges, and the monks of Melrose, who played a leading part in developing Scottish industry and economic life, and deserve in a sense to be regarded as the pioneers of Scottish trade, received from Count Philip of Flanders a right of free passage through his dominions. In the fourteenth century a Staple, or permanent market for Scottish merchants, with a definite constitution and rules and a fixed relation to the Lower government, was established at Middleburg; thence it was subsequently transferred to Bruges, which remained the chief centre of Scottish trade up to the end of the fifteenth century, when Antwerp, Bergen-op-Zoom, and finally Veere in the island of Walcheren entered the lists as competitors. After a half century of bitter rivalry between these towns for the privilege of harboring it, the Scottish Staple finally went to Veere in 1541, and there it remained, save for one short interval during the Revolt of the Netherlands (1572-8), and another in the reign of Charles II (1668-76), down to the establishment of the Batavian Republic in 1795. By that time, of course, the Staple had outlived its usefulness and had ceased to be of importance; yet the esteem and regard in which the ancient institution was held are clearly indicated by two discussions of the feasibility of its renewal in the Convention of Royal Burghs in 1802 and in 1814, and by the annual mention until 1847 in Oliver & Boyd's almanac, among the officers of the Convention, of the "Conservator at Campvere." It is also interesting to notice that the Scottish Reformed Church at Veere, which was active at the time of the Solemn League and Covenant and sent representatives to attend the meetings of the General Assembly of the Scottish Kirk after its revival in the middle of the seventeenth century, is still, in strict theory, entitled to a continuation of that representation. As recently as 1894 an attempt was made to realize this theory in practice, when a minister appeared at the bar of the Assembly and claimed to be the delegate of "the Kirk Session of the remanent congregation of the Scottish Church at Campvere." The Assembly refused to recognize this claim, but in deference to long-established usage, decided at the same time that the name of the church at Campvere should continue on its roll.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the whole book is that which deals with the organization of the Scottish Staple and its relations to the government of the country. It differed radically from the institution which in England developed under the same name. The latter was favored "in order to concentrate trade with the object of facilitating the collection of customs duties"; it was in fact largely a fiscal device, and "arose naturally from the system whereby the crown derived a large part of its revenue from payments on the export of wool." Its management was thus primarily a matter of royal concern, though the administration was to a large extent left in the hands of the merchants of the staple. But in Scotland "the governing body throughout the history of the staple was the Convention of Royal Burghs"—the most ancient assembly in the land—whose object was primarily "the development of the nation's trade, and the prosperity of the merchant classes." And this divergence in the constitution and object of the staple in the two countries inevitably

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led to another fundamental difference. In England the foreign merchant was not excluded, but encouraged, for his advent would rather increase than diminish the revenue of the crown, which was the main object of the system. In the Scottish Staple, on the contrary, the attitude toward the foreign trader was one of rigid exclusion, for the object of the institution was the development of the national commercial prosperity, which the influx of foreigners would inevitably threaten. As an organization for the development of foreign trade a truer analogy to the Scottish Staple is in England to be found in the Company of Merchant Adventurers, which was called into existence solely for the purpose of trade, and not used as a part of the administrative machine; but even here there is danger of carrying the parallel too far, for, though both were primarily commercial organizations, the Merchant Adventurers were merely a private enterprise, whereas the Scottish staple was public and national, an organization of the whole nation for the purpose of foreign trade, with a recognized place in the body politic. To remind us of this essentially national organization of the Scottish Staple, which differentiates it from the Merchant Adventurers in England, we have at Veere the Conservator or representative of the Convention of Royal Burghs, in whom was vested extensive powers of supervision and control. By him were adjudicated cases of dispute arising between Scottish merchants at the staple port. On their life and conduct there he exercised a general power of control. To him was intrusted the execution of the laws of trade, and at the end of each year he had to give an account of his conduct, and answer complaints brought against him.

We should like to dwell at even greater length on this important and interesting book. It affords good evidence that economic history, when properly written, may be quite the reverse of dull; that it can be made, on the contrary, truly fascinating. The Scottish corner of the field is in need of cultivation, and, if the present book is a specimen, will certainly yield good fruit.

The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford (1733-1833). By Sumner Gilbert Wood. Published by the author.

Blandford is a little town in western Massachusetts of no great antiquity as New England towns go, and now but a sleepy hill-top village on the edge of the Berkshires. It is some distance from the railway, and its principal visitors are of that transient sort which embodies itself in a toot, a stare, and a cloud of dust; for Blandford is on the official route of the Automobile Club from Springfield to Lenox. There are a few summer cottagers, and here and there an abandoned farmhouse has been restored or "improved." But the little place has seen its best days, and very good days they were, as this book abundantly testifies. For many years it was a chief halting-place on the arduous journey through the Berkshires. Indeed, a tavern provided to break the forty-mile struggle from Springfield to "Housatunnock" was the nucleus of the later settlement. Though the "Great Road to Housatunnock" on which this wayside inn was placed was nothing more than a rough bridle-path, it lay in the main route from Springfield to Albany.

When a few years later the town of Glasgow (now Blandford) was laid out and began to be settled near this strategic point, its function of caravansary was quickly established. Its settlement by families of Scotch-Irish stock perhaps facilitated development into a village of taverns. Blandford suffered as time went on from the peculiar temptation of mine host. But much drinking was a feature of colonial life by no means confined to this particular type of village. Hard-by the church stood the tavern, where the sermon might be comfortably discussed at noon over a stout mug of flip. There, too, a reverend Council of Ordination might be entertained, the town duly voting an appropriation to cover "the strong Drink that the Council drink while they are Hear on our Business" (1749). An old cellar is pointed out where report has it that hundreds of barrels of cider were wont to be "stored in the autumn, and rolled out in the spring and distilled into brandy, which was drunk and sold; and the man who owned that cellar was a preacher of the gospel." But it is easy for us to forget that the temperance movement is less than a century old. Mr. Wood handles this ticklish theme with great good sense and good humor. His antiquarian temper is admirable: he loves every one of his data for its own sake, but keeps it in its place. There is nothing fatuous in his affectionate enthusiasm for the past which he has undertaken to chronicle. If old Blandford was by his admission not infrequently visited by delirium tremens, it was in many other respects "a shining example" among New England towns. The tavern, as a social centre and a promoter of travel was, he holds, more blessing than curse to the community and the country.

As a sign of this, the fact is noted that the aristocracy of the town, not only the selectmen, deacons, overseers, and so on, but the first in social rank, were the inn-keepers. Mr. Wood has some interesting paragraphs on the social system of early New England, and rightly suggests the need of a monograph on that subject. He finds traces in the Blandford records of classes designated by occupation—of yeomen, gentlemen, esquires, and "clarks." The more important of the eighteenth-century innkeepers received the title of gentleman or squire. Mr. Wood gives a number of amusing or edifying anecdotes about these worthies, and divers citations from deeds and court records which yield the savor of the times. None is more quaint than a complaint entered in a warrant as late as 1805 against one Robert Cannon, who is alleged to have made "an Assault upon the body of your Complainant with his fist Gun Club Stone ax Stick Beat wound Bruise Smit Struck him the said John G being in the peace of God and this Commonwealth." The recorded verdict of "not guilty" leads one to reflect with admiration upon the versatile fancy of the complainant in the matter of weapons.

The writer's somewhat detailed description of the turnpikes running, earlier or later, through Blandford, and his account of the part they played in the development of New England, are of equal interest in their way, though it might have been safer to omit some of the topographical detail in a book designed for the general reader. But the very gusto with which he carries us from brook to hilltop, from boulder to swamp, in company with this or that ancient, and, it may be, half-obliterated, path, wins us to his method. The past is a live thing to him, and he goes far toward making it so to his readers. The present book is, he says, a by-product, written as a study toward an elaborate town history, and published "to test my ability to interest the natural constituency to which Blandford history might appeal." The private manner of its publication may have prevented it from reaching that constituency as a whole. We therefore take pleasure in recommending it not only to students of New England history, but to lovers of the past as a sentimental possession. These old taverns which he describes, and many of which he has photographed, are bleak, homely little affairs, differing only by the characteristic end-door from the typical blunt-faced old farmhouse you may see on any New England hill-side. We need to have them, and the life they contained, interpreted for us. It is to be hoped that Mr. Wood (who is Congregational minister at Blandford) is going on with his projected "Homes and Habits of Ancient Blandford."

The Oldest English Epic: Beowulf, Finnsburg, Waldere, Deor, Widsith, and the German Hildebrand. Translated in the Original Metres, with Introductions and Notes, by Francis B. Gummere. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.10 net.

This unpretentious little volume, pleasing to the eye and light in the hand, we estimate to be the most sig-

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nificant of all recent American contributions to the study of Old English. For it demonstrates beyond cavil that this study is pursued here most diligently, not alone as a linguistic discipline, but in equal measure for whatever it may offer of cultural and literary value.

To wide and accurate scholarship—the notes evidence a mastery of the most recent monographs—Professor Gummere joins a facile expression wholly out of the common. This facility is in part innate, in part is doubtless the result of life-long familiarity with our ballad literature. Style and diction are terse, robust, direct, concrete, depictive. Above all, the expression is singularly free from pedantry, the besetting weakness of translators. Occasionally, the reader may be puzzled by a situation or a sentiment quite foreign to modern life; that is a defect which no ingenuity can cure. Most rarely, however, will the reader trip over an uncouth wording. Let us compare like with like. In the *Modern Language Notes* for June of this year, p. 167, Prof. Albert S. Cook translates from the "Christ":

> And from the heights of the air ruin the steadfast stars.
> Then doth the sun, that erewhile shone for the joy of earth's children,
> Turn to the hue of blood, a blot on the face of the sky.

This is Cynewulf modernized. *Ruin* as a verb is bizarre. And the poet did not liken the sun to a "blot in the sky," but merely said with Biblical simplicity: "Then is the sun turned black." By way of contrast, this is Gummere's rendering of "Beowulf," 2249-2260:

> *But* battle-death seized
> And cruel killing my clansmen all,
> Robbed them of life and a liegeman's joys.
> None have I left to lift the sword,
> Or to chase the carven cup of price,
> Beaker bright. My brave are gone.
> *And* the helmet hard, *all* haughty with gold,
> Shall part from its plating. Polishers sleep
> Who could brighten and burnish the battle-mask;
> And those weeds of war that were wont to brave
> Over bicker of shields the bite of steel
> Rust with their bearer.

We have underscored *But*, *And*, *all* as superfluous. They are not in the original, and the insertion of them merely dilutes the verse. In truth, if Professor Gummere has any chronic weakness, it is in the use of the pleonastic introductory *and* and *but*. On the other hand, "haughty with gold," "over bicker of shields," are happy renderings of *hyrsted golde*, *ofer borda gebræc*. And of the passage as a whole every one will admit that the lines read themselves; they impart the swing of the original.

In brief, "The Oldest English Epic" is a performance of which we may all be proud. The ordinary reader, to whom Old English, or Anglo-Saxon, is as Hebrew or Choctaw, may peruse these pages in the comfortable assurance that he is getting as close as he possibly can to the thought and the spirit of our far-distant ancestors. And the professed student will carefully keep the book within reach for friendly stimulation and guidance.

Our criticisms of Professor Gummere's work deal in part with general points, in part with details. Among the general points we would place first his exposition of Old English metre and his modern rendition of it. To assert that the "fourth stressed syllable . . . must not rhyme with the third, or rhyme-giving syllable" (p. 17), is going *too far*; Sievers (Altgerm. Metrik, 21) is more guarded in his formulation. Further, if there is any one immutable feature of Old English metre, it is this: that the hemistich can never have fewer than four syllables. When we find less, we either assume textual corruption, or restore an earlier dialectic pronunciation, *e. g.*, the Northern dissyllabic *do-an*, in place of the Southern *don*. Yet in more instances than we have attempted to count our translator gives us a three-syllable hemistich, *e. g.*, 442a: "Fain, I ween." To an ear trained to the invariable alternation of stress and "sinking" in the Old English A and B "types," all such aberrations are grievous.

Of other general points where Professor Gummere, as editor, is in error, we remark p. 1, *note* 2: "The seventh [century] . . . with its austerity of morals, its gentleness, its tolerance." This is not our interpretation of Bede; the days of Penda, Oswald, and Oswy, and the bitter Easter controversy, can hardly be described as austere, gentle, or tolerant. Is the assignment of the giant Grendel to the tribe of Cain "superfluous genealogy" (p. 10)? Certainly not according to mediæval notions; nor does the view tally with the editor's own note on page 28. In two places (p. 11 and p. 45, *note* 2) the slang terms "haze," "hazing" are used in a sense unfamiliar to us; we should rather have expected "guying, chaffing, ragging." The Hrunting incident still remains a crux, despite p. 101 *note*. The sword is taken by Beowulf on his quest after Grendel's mother. In the fight with her he dashes it—as useless—to the ground, and nowhere do we read that he picks it up and brings it back. On the contrary, v. 1614 tells us that he took back with him only Grendel's head and the hilt of the old "giant" sword. Occasionally, Professor Gummere has erred through trusting too implicitly to his German authorities instead of verifying their citations. Otherwise, to take a single instance, he would not have said (p. 106 *note*) that "Thrytho is not a likely form of the name." It is a quite possible form. If the editor had not followed Schücking (Engl. Stud. xxxix, 108) but had gone back to *Modern Language Notes*, xviii, 117 (cited by Schücking), he would have found that Thrytho was there demonstrated to be an impossible *nominative;* a different proposition.

Among details open to criticism we note only a few. "Up he bounded" (v. 759) comes perilously near making Beowulf ridiculous; much better is v. 2092: "When I all angrily upright stood." On the other hand, we are glad to learn, from v. 760, that the translator refers the clause: *fingras burston* to Grendel, not to Beowulf. With regard to v. 1467, "drunk with wine," we would remind the translator that the O. E. participle-adjective *druncen* is not necessarily "drunken," but may mean simply "joyous, gay" (see Sievers, *Beitr.* ix, 139). At p. 24, *note* 4. Balder's body is represented as burned ("consumed"). Is it?

Concerning the advisability of incorporating Widsith, "The Singer and His Lay" (pp. 188-200), opinions might differ. The piece is scarcely a poem at all, certainly not a genuine bit of epic. It tells no story, gives no action, but is a mere string of names as dry as the Homeric catalogue of ships. Still, we need not grumble; the names have some interest, and the reader ought to be glad to see how a pre-Norman *précieux* has comported himself. On the other hand, the inclusion of the Hildebrand Lay is above question. Although German, not English, it is born of the same mother, if not of the same father, and its inclusion justifies the editor's assertion that now the reader "has the entire salvage from oldest narrative poetry of the West-Germanic peoples in mass."

Characters and Events of Roman History, from Cæsar to Nero. The Lowell Lectures of 1908. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Frances Lance Ferrero. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

One of the points continually pressed by Signor Ferrero is that the men and events receiving most attention in history are neither so good nor so bad as they are apt to be pictured. We may be pardoned, therefore, for saying that the brilliant young Italian's own lectures are neither of such a quality as to prove futile all that patient scholarship has done in the same field before, as some of his newspaper eulogists have announced, nor yet so bad as the trained scholar would be forced to believe, were he dependent upon those same newspaper sources alone. It is unfortunate for the author that he has listened so complacently to an avalanche of praise from incompetent sources. This has brought him to the persuasion that Roman history has been wholly misunderstood down to the present day, that he

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himself has found the key to unlock all its secrets, and that the whole is now plain to every one who will but step to the unlocked door and look. From the lecture on "Antony and Cleopatra" we take the following passage:

Two years ago, when I published in the *Revue de Paris* an article in which I demonstrated, by obvious arguments, the incongruities and absurdities of the legend, and tried to retrace through it the half-effaced lines of the truth, everybody was amazed. From one end of Europe to the other, the papers résuméd the conclusions of my study as an astounding revelation.

Now, what is the essence of this astounding revelation, that has given European opinion such a shock as Virgil might have illustrated by the simile of a mighty crag toppling from the mountainside and bringing thunderous ruin on the unprepared shepherds and farmers below? In brief, that there was probably less of love and more of calculating ambition at the bottom of Antony's relations with Cleopatra than appears in the literary treatment of the tale as it has come down to us through Plutarch and others. Does Ferrero really suppose that such a possibility has never had serious consideration in any mind but his? And we may add that, in spite of his talk of "obvious arguments," he has adduced no necessarily destructive evidence against any really essential feature of the story. He himself specifically admits that Antony was, toward the end, possessed by a strong personal infatuation for Cleopatra. Evidently, if Europe can be amazed and astounded from end to end so easily as that, the amazing and astounding of Europe are not seriously to be taken into account in the problem of finding the author's place as an historian. Perhaps we ought to set by the side of this passage one or two in which the claims of modesty are recognized:

Two years ago I happened to say to an illustrious historian, a member of the French Academy, who was complimenting me: "But I have not remade Roman history, as many admirers think. On the contrary, it might be said, in a certain sense, that I have only returned to the old way. I have retaken the point of view of Livy."

In one of his lectures, "Wine in Roman History," we are told distinctly that here we are to find exemplified the author's idea of the proper historical treatment of economic phenomena. It was from this lecture, when delivered, that some of the newspapers professed to get the information that Horace, in his references to old Falernian, Massic, Cæcuban, and the rest, was a mere advertising agent for the wine-growers and dealers. Ferrero does not quite say that, but he does expatiate at some length on Horace's praises of wine without the slightest reference to his vigorous and oft-repeated counsels against its abuse. One wants some genuine evidence that Horace had any conscious purpose of making a market for wine, and still more that down to the time of Horace's manhood the Romans were so abstemious that wine drinking was not common, but was looked upon with general disfavor as a dangerous extravagance of the careless few. One wants some statistics, too, of the sales of Horace's Odes beyond the Alps before assigning him any considerable influence in the increased demand for Italian wines among the recently conquered Gauls. The economic treatment of history is under heavy obligation to walk with careful foot in such matters.

In a previous review, we were led into believing that Signor Ferrero had abandoned his original intention of carrying his history through the period of the Decline. His opening words, in the last volume to appear, "The publication of the fifth volume, which completes my study of the Greatness and Decline of Rome," seemed definite enough. The lectures before us, however, repeatedly assert that the work is to go on, thus leaving the reader to his own conjecture as to the purpose of the words just quoted. Somewhere between the original Italian text and the press there should have intervened an eye capable of detecting a few annoying blunders, such as requiores for nequiores, Celerus for the Roman name Celer, the Belgi for the Belgæ, Aquilea for Aquileia, Mesia for Mœsia, and Pandalaria, more than once, for Pandataria. All these wrecks of well-known proper names are carried over into the index, with sometimes an extra blow there, as Metullus Celerus, for the at least partly recognizable Metellus Celerus of the text. In a book belonging to the field of scholarship, is not the reader really entitled to scholarly accuracy in such matters?

Hesiod: Poems and Fragments. Done into English prose, with introduction and appendices, by A. W. Mair. New York: Henry Frowde. $1.

Professor Mair's work, wearing what Matthew Arnold's Professor Newman would style "a plausible aspect of moderate antiquity," admirably meets the need for a readable and trustworthy version of the old Bœotian singer of the "Works and Days," to take the place of the bald prose of Bohn and the very blank verse or Popian couplets of Elton. A comparison of Mair and Elton makes the literary fashions of 1820 seem more antiquated than Hesiod himself. If a primitive poet calls the shepherds "bellies only," we wish the translator to say so, instead of addressing them as "ye grosser natures." We prefer "in front of Virtue have the deathless gods set sweat," to

But virtue dwells on high; the gods before
Have plac'd the dew that drops from every pore.

And we can face the plain fact that the maiden "bathed her tender body and anointed her with olive oil," without the interposition of the softening veil of periphrases required by the more delicate sensibilities of our grandfathers:

Around her nightly flows the tepid wave
And shining oils in liquid fragrance lave.

Professor Mair, then, is not afraid of the *mot propre*. His Biblical phrasing preserves the homely, racy quality of the original, and catches the poetical note in the few passages of higher strain. He retains the riddling quaintness of such expressions as "the boneless one" for cuttlefish, the "house-carrier" for snail, the "wise one" for the ant, and the "day-sleeper" for the burglar, which he illustrates from the Hebrew and does not believe to belong to the ritualistic language of Delphi. The earliest idyll in Greek literature, if there can be an idyll without a girl, is thus rendered:

Then let me have the shadow of a rock and Bibline wine, and a milk cake, and milk of goats drained dry, and flesh of a pastured heifer that hath not yet borne a calf, and flesh of firstling kids, with ruddy wine to wash it down withal, while I sit in the shade, heart-satisfied with food, turning my face toward the fresh West Wind, and let me from an unmuddied ever-flowing spring, which floweth away, pour three measures of water and the fourth of wine.

There are few, if any, positive errors. But it would have been well to add explanatory footnotes to some readings or renderings about which difference of opinion is allowable—*e. g.*: "Works," 231, "but with mirth they tend the works that are their care"; 314, "whatever be thy lot"; 374, "aiming at thy barn"; 518, "maketh the old man bent"; 602, "thrall that hath no family"; "Theogony," 269, "swift as time"; 304, "she hath Einarima in her keeping."

The instructive addenda, on The Farmer's Year in Hesiod and Agricultural Instruments, appeal rather to the scholar than to the general reader. The Introduction, besides a life of Hesiod, contains a contrast between the Heroic and the Didactic Epic, and an interesting comparison of Hesiod with the Wisdom-literature of the Hebrews. Professor Mair seems to belong to the dwindling school of interpreters who prefer exact exegesis to ingenious hypothesis or eloquent sentiment. He thinks that Prof. Gilbert Murray's remarks on Hesiod's ox and Hesiod's plowman "have no obvious relation to the facts." And when Professor Murray bids us note that the wife and daughters-in-law of Nestor wail when the bull is struck "exactly you see as the Todas wail," his unfeeling comment is: "Unfortunately, Homer does not say that Nestor's wife and daughters-in-law *wailed*."

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Science.

Some eight years ago Dr. J. K. Mitchell wrote for *Harper's Bazar* a few articles designed to help nervous women. These he has now expanded into a little book with the title "Self Help for Nervous Women" (J. B. Lippincott Co.), although, as he points out, the advice is mostly quite as good for nervous men. It may suffice to say that the instruction, which deals largely with the economies of nervous expenditure, is really good and well suited to help those for whom it is intended. In the last few pages Dr. Mitchell firmly opposes the use of hypnotism and expresses entire lack of confidence in the Emmanuel Method, while admitting a certain measure of success at the hands of its originators whom he holds to be exceptionally qualified. He has "grave doubts of the general capacity of clergymen" for making the distinctions that need to be made in the treatment of nervous disorders, or for giving the help that is needed at the time when their advice is usually sought. He points out also that the relation between the clergy and the congregation is in many denominations no longer such as to develop the confidence which would lead a nervous person to her pastor at the time when he might really aid her. Interesting is the comment that cases of nervousness are less frequent among orthodox Jews and strict Roman Catholics than the races involved would lead us to expect, and that the author cannot recall treating a professing Quaker for nervousness.

The history of manufacturing processes does not often receive much attention, and it is a surprise to find a volume with heavy paper, wide margins, and illustrations of all sorts devoted to "The Rise and Progress of the British Explosives Industry" (The Macmillan Co.), prepared by a committee of the Seventeenth International Congress of Applied Chemistry. It hardly fulfils, however, the expectation that its appearance arouses, for more than half the book is occupied with bibliographical and chronological tables and statistics of the governmental and private factories now existing in England, useful for reference, no doubt, but unreadable. The first chapter on the history of gunpowder will be the most attractive to the general reader. It begins with a discussion of the Baconian cipher—not the Shakespeare one, but the anagram in which Friar Bacon concealed his knowledge of the formula of gunpowder. An illuminated Latin MS., dated 1326, is reproduced, showing a bottle-shaped mortar shooting a dart, and in 1380 we have Chaucer's reference to artillery in the "House of Fame":

> As swift as pelet out of gunne
> When fyr is in the poudré runne.

"The Cell as the Unit of Life" (London: J. & H. Churchill; Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Sons & Co.) is the title of a book printed as a memorial of Allan Macfadyen, who died a little over two years ago, the victim of an accidental laboratory infection. He was well known as an investigator of bacteriological problems, and particularly as an eminently successful student of intracellular ferments and endotoxins. For some fourteen years he had an important share in building up the establishment for the study of hygienic questions now known as the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine. In 1901 he was elected to the Fullerian professorship in the Royal Institution of London, and the book contains three of the courses of lectures given by him during his incumbency. The title is that of the first course, the others dealing in more detail with cellular physiology and the methods of investigating cell activities. To these are added earlier lectures on toxins and antitoxins, and another address, all given at the Royal Institution. The treatment is popular in the best sense of the word and without reference to the literature. There is necessarily some repetition, but the book is a very attractive introduction to this special line of biological research. As the most recent of the lectures was given seven years ago, time has modified some of the statements. The editor, Dr. R. T. Hewlett, who was associated with Macfadyen in some of his researches, has endeavored to overcome this defect by an occasional footnote. He also gives a brief biography and a list of Macfadyen's principal papers, forty-two in number.

"Plant Study, with Directions for Laboratory and Field Work," by W. H. D. Meier (Ginn & Co.), consists of a convenient portfolio containing blanks to be filled by the student. There are thirty-five progressive studies, which, taken together, cover a large part of the field of botany, and constitute a good introduction to systematic works. We have serious doubts whether the verification of some of the points presented at the head of the pages is within the power of the average student; and if the points are not verified by actual observation, the laboratory practice falls short of its ideal aim. Some of the questions suggested on these blanks are, we fear, beyond the personal reach of a good many teachers, to say nothing of the pupils themselves.

Dr. Edgar Holden of Newark, medical director of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, and president of the Association of Medical Directors of Life Insurance Companies, died on Sunday night at the age of seventy. Besides various monographs, he published three books: "Use of the Sphygmograph," "Health and Mortality of Newark for Twenty Years," and "The Waif from Minot's Ledge."

Art.

THE EIGHTH INTERNATIONAL.

VENICE, June 28.

Fourteen years ago I entered rather grudgingly the first International. Had not the green walks of the Public Garden looked irresistible I should hardly have been drawn from the lagoons and the old masters. In a similar spirit of dubious curiosity many made their first visit. The whole thing seemed odd. A municipal enterprise, international as yet chiefly in intention, no one would have given it many years of life. But live it did, with a surprising vigor. Its statistics of attendance became increasingly eloquent. It grew to be the best picture mart in Europe, just as the old exhibitions ceased to sell. In Venice and in other Italian cities it became the feeder of promising galleries of modern art.

Venice itself undoubtedly counted for much in this. Even more, perhaps, the principle of variety adopted by the permanent secretary and soul of the enterprise, Prof. Antonio Fradeletto. Where the exhibitions are selected by many committees from many nations, where warring factions practise their pet theories of hanging and decoration side by side, there can at least be no monotony. Two years ago it seemed that even variety had its limits. The long series of international galleries was becoming oppressive; even more so the "regional halls" where the Italian artists were exhibited side by side for no better reason than that they were inscribed in the same tax lists. But if I had grasped the meaning of the New Belgian Pavilion I should have seen that variety was merely taking a breathing space. Since then Cavaliere Fradeletto has given a wave of his magic wand, and England, Hungary, and the Munich Secession have built them galleries amid the trees; then another wave and the old mixed halls are become a most piquant succession of one-man shows.

Of the three new pavilions, that of Hungary most takes the eye. The barbaric, half-Oriental suggestion of its low bronzed portal, external archaistic mosaics, and vaguely pre-Raphaelite stained glass is oddly belied by the ultra-modernity of the exhibits. These Magyar painters and sculptors are essentially clever men, knowing in harmonies and arrangements, intending a fillip to jaded enthusiasms. Sometimes they do more. A peasant and his wife I saw literally frightened away by a sprawling nude that seemingly offered her heels through the massive portal. Other visitors seemed to find the apparition inviting. In general, this abundant and sufficiently diverting cleverness does not come to much. Very enjoyable are two simple and direct portrait heads *in tempera*, by Körösföi, able but more conventional the portraits of Glatter and Szenes. Márffy in the Green Room, a Paris-green interior provided with all manner of crosslights, translucences, and glimpses through shimmering glass, does the merely amusing thing almost superlatively well. Márk's Grisette, in yellow, who exposes a pearly shoulder before a blue-green park, is vivacious and fetching. These things solace but do not thrill.

Better than all the painting, I liked Simay's monkey groups in bronze. He works the beasts out in their essential unmodulated planes, letting the tex-

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tures go. These schematized beasts have a very touching quality. Perhaps the arts and crafts exhibit of Hungary is more significant than that of fine arts. One feels that the æsthetic overripeness of the painters may have its social value in raising the general taste. In any case, the decoration of the pavilion itself, the potteries of the Zolnay Company—adaptation mostly of Chinese and Japanese types—the lace patterns and laces produced by the National School of Decorative Arts, the stamped leathers designed by Lakatos, all suggest a progress in applied arts that other nations may envy the Magyars.

From wont and use the shock of the Munich Secessionists has diminished. They are unflinchingly uniform in their singularities. Their pavilion, a simple classical structure, shows within the familiar Whistlerian hangings in whites and silvers. Von Haberman's nudes have their old wriggling vivacity. Von Keller remains an illustrator of quality and a soberer technician than most of the group: Albert Weisgerber scores the sensation of the show in A Summer's Day. A picnic party of leering men and women observe a skinny nude who staggers (dances?) under a crudely indicated forest roof. The picture is humorous in a bestial fashion, but hard to swallow even as a joke.

Happily, the "secession" has its serener contributors. Borchart's village scenes are wholly unpretentious and charming. He has not merely studied, but really assimilated his Whistler. It is a disappointment to find Fritz von Uhde over-emphatic and colorless in his portrait of Wohlmuth as Richard III. The subject itself, Richard raving before a blazing battlefield, seems simply impossible. That so gentle a talent should have attempted it is distressing.

After these two up-to-date exhibitions the English show is reassuring. A porticoed Georgian house offers six galleries hung in deep blue, pale mauve, and terra-cotta. Here are Lavery, always distinguished, in two female portraits and an Oriental subject; Anning Bell in a rather thin poesy entitled Calumny—fair women speaking ill of a fairer; Sir James Guthrie in a characterful portrait of Mrs. Warrack; Charles Shannon very delightfully retrospective in the portrait of The Lady with the Plume—a picture as sensitive as the Reynoldses it vaguely recalls; Rothenstein in a charmingly arranged study in rose and yellow, called My Wife's Studio.

That capable executant, William Orpen, represents almost alone the ultra modern. He paints himself in a marvellous round-topped "topper" (or is it merely an over-extended "bowler"?), with his back firmly turned to the white torso of an Hellenic Venus. Both are seen in a studio mirror. The conceit is entitled I and Venus; it is rendered brilliantly and with humor, and I have no quarrel with it except for its size.

In McTaggart's Scotch grainfield, with a moor behind and a tumbling sky, the indications of the accidents of the landscape are both sure and free, quite in the best tradition of the British School. As for W. Y. Cameron's A Yorkshire Seaport, it gave for the single time in a dutiful round at Venice the thrill that one gets from a Claude. The picture is of utmost simplicity, just a stretch of pale warm sand, a tower, and group of houses profiled in warm brown against a pale greenish yellow sky that deepens above into evening blue. The rest is merely the silence and serenity of the evening hour. It is the kind of subject that the amateur inevitably tackles and does abominably. Here, it seems to me consummately well done.

I find it a little difficult to express the comfort I take in the English pavilion as a whole. The actual achievement is perhaps not extraordinary, but these men have retained certain fundamental characteristics of sobriety and humility. Here, I hope, is a soil out of which something much finer might grow. Elsewhere I find prevailing anarchy and pretentiousness that promise nothing except speedy self-exhaustion.

No land seems more in a ferment than Belgium. In a single tiny hall we find the drastic romanticisms of James Ensor—a warmed-over Watteau devoted to symbolistic caricature; the joyous impressionism of Camille Lambert, in Longchamps: the Flower Fête; and the tense, ghastly, yet gripping Pre-Raphaelism of Jef Leempoels's portraits. Surely, Belgium is in all the movements. Elsewhere one has the familiar symbolism of Khnopff, and Gustave Oleffe's continuation of the tragic manner of Meunier. Then you have the soberer landscape methods of the Scandinavian in Verstroeten's big snow scene, with keen reflections in the crust, and the purest practice of the dotted method (*pointillisme*) in the group of artists Buysse, Claus, de Saegher, and the De Smets who paints the river Lys. The little hall devoted to this group is so singularly uniform that a confiding soul might say, "At last truth; here are forty painting as one." I fear it only means that restricting the palette to the primaries and the brush stroke to a stipple makes inevitably for monotony.

Mural painting is rather scantily represented at the International. Galileo Chini's permanent decorations of the dome of the administration lobby seem of most importance. For the eight compartments of the dome he has chosen as many periods in the history of art—Primitive, Oriental, Greek, Byzantine, Mediæval, Renaissance, Baroque, and Modern. By cutting off the top and bottom of each compartment, treating these portions as decorative panels, the figure compositions are reduced to manageable oblongs. The conventional patterns of a semi-Byzantine character are of great ingenuity and variety. The whole effect of gold, bright blue, crimson, and orange is garish as yet, but time will tone it. For the compositions full of symbols bearing emblems I cannot say much. The scale is too small and the arrangement too confused to count at the height. Moreover, the invention, with nude geniuses carrying statues, etc., emblematic of the period, displays no originality. Aristide Sartorio exhibits very interesting large sketches for a frieze. It is to adorn the House of Parliament and symbolizes in a dense composition of nude figures and horses the aspirations of the Italian people—Courage, Justice, Faith, etc. Sartorio displays once more in the contorted and novel yet usually harmonious poses of his figures his really extraordinary mastery of the nude. One fears that the mere cumulation of figures and the apparent tendency to monochrome may land him in a kind of Doréism. In general, the compositions, though very rhythmical and varied, seem too crowded to promise a monumental effect, but a critique must naturally wait upon the finished work.

Sculpture is more abundant than excellent. In this field I can hardly conceive a more colorless exhibition. One must except Calandra's charioteer in high relief, intended for the Zanardelli monument at Brescia. It is fine along thoroughly safe and conventional lines. Otherwise, out of the mass of competent work there is little that grasps one. Stuck and Zorn, to be sure, are piquant in their various fashions. Our American exhibitors, Bartlett, Aitken, French, Eberle, Pratt, Roth, and Mrs. Vonnoh, are represented by small pieces which give an impression rather of *finesse* than of robustness. Prince Troubetskoy's animals and children are, as always, most engaging.

The American show under the auspices of the Academy is the best that Venice has seen. Surely, there is no abler group of portraits in the show than that composed of De Camp's 'Cellist, Cecilia Beaux's Mother and Child, Sargent's Miss Helen Brice, Tarbell's Dr. Edward Robinson, and Alden Weir's Portrait of a Girl. With these Irving Wiles's Julia Marlowe and Robert Henri's Girl in Black keep worthy company. Possibly the retrospective principle has been pushed to an extreme, as the list may already suggest. Here is a capital little Leda and the Swan painted by Brush about twenty-five years ago, not to mention those departed giants, Homer Martin and Alexander Wyant, in rather unimpressive examples; besides Blakelock and Twachtman. An excellent nocturne by Ben Foster, a snow scene by Ochtman, and Childe Hassam's Old Church at Lyme, a picture of great distinction which rightly holds the place

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of honor, represent our current landscape in varying phases and pretty nearly at its best. Coffin, Ranger, Redfield, Schofield, Charles H. Davis, I can merely mention, though their contributions are of an interesting sort. Benson, Carlsen, Paul Dougherty, Snell, and Woodbury send good marines. The comparatively neglected category of figure painting includes Kenyon Cox, Daingerfield, Sergeant Kendall, Genth, Loeb, among others. Genre painting is almost wholly absent, though William Hays sends a spirited Trotting Race. Here contributions by Glackens, Jerome Myers, or George Luks might have filled a perceptible gap acceptably. Nothing in the American room gave me greater pleasure than George Bellows's On the Hudson, a picture full of wind and tide and sense of place. Very delicious in quite a different way I found A. B. Davies's After Supper—a spectral group of little girls profiled against a steely estuary beyond which soars a ghostly New York. Davies is a constant surprise and joy for the variety he contrives to deploy within his well-marked mannerisms. There is about this little picture an imaginative quality and a beautiful strangeness in arrangement and color that fix it in the memory.

In general, the American exhibits are pitched in too low a key to catch the casual visitor. They lack exhibitionistic quality, which, in my eyes, is a merit. They represent a high level of technic, a reverent approach to nature, and, on the whole, a rather weak invention. These painters see pictures rather than make them, and they accept a bit too readily the first pictorial motive that nature presents. It is this that makes me wish that an indubitably inventive talent like Ryder had been included, or, perhaps better yet, something of Mr. La Farge's best. Our painters seem to emerge with difficulty from the tutelar stage. Yet the American thing begins to define itself. Hassam and Tarbell, among others, mean a very definite accomplishment, Dougherty and Bellows a splendid promise. The best of it is that most of it seems straight goods with a minimum of trick or pose. The foundation is being laid upon which the men of commanding genius may readily build if they will first consent to be born.

Ettore di Tito is a painter who declines to be bound by his formulas. A robust draughtsman, in a manner an illustrator, his pictures are usually finer in their parts than as wholes. There is life in him. The fisher lass straining at the tow rope, the young gentlewoman holding a spirited horse, share a common sincerity and actuality. Certain little pictures of half-naked children wading in the lagoons are exquisite in color and most true to the humid atmosphere of Venice. But, in general, his color is merely adequate, and his larger compositions tend to disintegrate into engaging fractions. He is at the heights of his activity, still progressing, and probably yet has surprises in store for us.

Here should come Besnard, Stuck, etc., but first a word on a few other Italian painters. Among the many who paint Venice to-day, Guglielmo Ciardi is one of the most attractive figures. His manner is mild, his mood patient. He lets the intricate beauty of sparkling water and drifting cloud come to him slowly, and invents charmingly unobtrusive methods for conveying it to the canvas. It is a pensive and modest art, and these qualities are not common enough here to be ignored. Zanetti treats these same subjects with far greater swagger and naturally with less intimacy. His work invigorates. Mancini's portraits still put down all others for sheer mass and vitality, but his color grows oppressively hot, and his lavishness of heavy impastes increasingly disagreeable. I cannot share the national enthusiasm for the sleekly staring portraits of Grasso, nor does the pearly nude that Arturo Noci unfailingly exhibits seem to me anything better than very pretty. Among all the Italian easel painters, I find no more specific talent than that of Marius Pictor (né Mario di Maria). His paint has a very precious quality whether it means roofs phosphorescent in moonlight, or trees, grass, and sky saturated with August sunshine.

Being an old and fervent Besnardian, it pains me to acknowledge how much his exhibition disappointed me. Here are fine things—the portrait of Princesse Mathilde with its lamplit bouquet of scarlets and crimsons, the pallid and impressive effigy of his wife; here is an amazing picture—study I had nearly said—of life-sized horses kicking off flies; here are Oriental iridescences of the familiar orange, blue, and pearl; here are nudes as incarnadine and sprightly as ever Fragonard himself painted. Why should it all strike one as a little tricky—the sport rather of amazing finger tips than of a fine intelligence? Partly, I'm afraid because that is the fact; even more, surely, because the more serious side of Besnard, his mural decorations, is unrepresented.

Anders Zorn is so engagingly and uniformly himself that after the first time he leaves a critic very little to say. One looks to him for a probity of workmanship that almost, but I think not quite, connotes genius. He withdraws himself. His fidelity to appearances is extraordinary. You would realize that the portrait of Mr. James Deering was that of a clear-cut American gentleman, and the likeness of Prince Karl of Sweden that of a high born Scandinavian, before you perceived that either was a Zorn. The most primitive of our artists—for he embodies an almost lost zest in fine craftsmanship—he can be the most modern. He paints you Miss Hilma Erickson quite nude, seated oblivious of you on a bearskin—a mere primitive thing seen, not a vision; and he will evoke also an extraordinary and wholly modern vision, like the Beer Hall here, with its many cross lights and reflections, or Mrs. John L. Gardner's even more memorable picture The Omnibus. But vision is, on the whole, rare with him. His arrangements are adequate rather than fine. One finds the true man not in the pondering of a work but in the doing. There everything is precious—the whittling of little nudes out of wood, the sweep of the etching needle over the copper, the sabre stroke of the brush that implies the whole contour of a nude. The finest things we probably shall never have from him, but we owe him much for remaining his own man and resolutely declining to cheapen his great gifts as a craftsman.

No serious person not a German need say anything much about Franz von Stuck, and I shall say little. Except for the delusions of greatness that so abound in the Vaterland, no one with so small a ballast of imagination and manual skill would ever be reckoned as a great painter. But Germany at this moment requires a great painter, and Franz Stuck has uttered his *adsum* so clamorously that it has been not only heard but believed. The violence—not strength—of his inventions contrasts pitilessly with the essential feebleness of his workmanship. He affects few contrasts less drastic than vermilion or pale blue, shot athwart a pitchy background. His color is not merely harsh and discordant, but poisonously disagreeable. I cannot remain long in the Stuck room without physical discomfort, and where I see a reassuring thing, I recall a finer original, for he drinks from many cups. Look at the painting of the gown of his daughter, travestied as a Spanish Infanta, and then think that this hard metallic stuff indecisively worked over with the brush, is in emulation of—or more kindly, in homage to—Velasquez! Mere assertiveness and oddity have so frequently passed in our day for greatness that nobody need be either surprised or offended when the phenomenon passed from politics to painting. The German visitors all found the Stuck room either *Colossal!* or *Ungeheuer!* I am ready to admit that it was both.

Kroyer is a talent of the whimsical sort, with a shade of the sweetness that often accompanies that temperament. Almost as keen a transcriber of appearances as Zorn himself, he is at his best when he paints old men caught in the humors of business or deliberation. The carefully composed portrait groups seem to me his most serious, and a very wor-

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thy contribution. Such little pictures as the Stock Market at Copenhagen, or The French Jury of Fine Arts, should be looked at with interest hundreds of years from now, for they are true and genial documents of our time. More intimate and appealing is the group of intent thoughtful men listening to music in the gloom of the painter's studio. These things seem to me remarkable instances of a difficult *genre*, in which modern painting is wofully weak.

Only an Æsop could moralize the International as a whole. I must conclude with mere jottings. The Western world is as far as ever from an accepted technic in painting, or from an approved and limited number of technics. The black manner and the chrome-lake manner, the unmodulated planes of Manet, the spots of Monet, the dabs of the "divisionists," the fused modelling of Velasquez, the "close" tonalities of Whistler, the sleek polychromy of the Institute, the slashing direct stroke of Hals, the cautious over-painting and glazes of the old Venetians—all have their adherents, and the result is surprisingly monotonous. It seems that very few pursue a technic to the height where it becomes a genuine means of expression. Too many of these painters put on their style as they do their black velvet smoking jackets. I suppose we shall have no end of this confusion, so long as the wholesale half-teaching by the schools and academies persists, and so long as we lack artists strong enough to invent and impose definitive procedures. We should, doubtless, be better off, *mutatis mutandis*, if we could say, as France could, in the eighteenth century, that there are only two manners—that of Raphael and that of Rubens. We need something to steady us against restless and inconclusive experimentation considered as a good in itself. But the mountain will doubtless continue to labor and the usual number of small mice will not be denied us.

Something might be done, perhaps, by a public that wished second thoughts and appreciated moderation. The appalling vice of this as of most exhibitions is the lack of relation between scale and subject. Graziosi, one of the cleverest younger Italians, gives us Treading Out the Must—a mass of trampling legs and swinging bodies in sunlight as it might be glimpsed from a motor car through a gateway. It is immensely vivid and able, but unarranged and unselected, hemmed in by its frame—a brilliant snapshot not a pondered vision. The Kermesses of Rubens teach another lesson. Besnard's life-sized itching horses again win no impressiveness from their bigness. It could all have been said better in smaller compass. In fine, subjects have their appropriate scale in painting, as in poetry. If Ettore di Tito and Graziosi are usually too big—the prevailing fault—Chini, in his dome decorations, is too small. But, alas, how many of the overgrown pictures were made, not even like the cast-iron razors to be sold, but only to be exhibited. Exhibitionism, *Mm. les artistes*, there is the enemy!

F. J. M., JR.

Dr. Arthur Evans has determined not to excavate this year at Knossos, Crete, but to work up the mass of material already at his disposal. But a find of stone vases at a spot near where the royal tomb was discovered led Dr. Evans to investigate that site. This resulted in bringing to light a stone sepulchral chamber with a pavilion-shaped roof, dating, as is shown by the pottery found on the spot, from a relatively early period—the "Third Middle Minoan," that is, about the eighteenth century B. C. Though the tomb had been plundered, it still contained some important objects, including a gold-mounted intaglio of a Molossian dog with two men, and a gold ring with an engraved design of four women dancing, with a religious ceremonial above. The dancing figures bear a resemblance to those on one of the miniature frescoes found in the palace of Knossos. These discoveries have made it possible for Dr. Evans to fix the site of what is apparently a large cemetery of the same date, earlier than the necropolis already excavated. In the little palace on the west side was found the lower part of an Egyptian diorite vase, probably not later than the thirteenth dynasty, with the remains of an Egyptian hieroglyphic inscription, which seems to refer to an official charged with mining operations.

The investigations of Commendatore Boni in the Forum are again yielding notable results. The excavation of the last two remaining graves in the prehistoric necropolis of the Forum is now completed. In them were found large jars of clay, which served as receptacles for clay models of huts containing bones and ashes, and orientated in the same direction as all the huts previously found in this burial ground. Fibulæ and vases have also come to light. Commendatore Boni ascribes the date of these graves to the eighth or perhaps even to the twelfth century B. C. In addition to these excavations the work of removing the earth from the Basilica Æmilia has been almost finished, and investigations have been made with regard to a curious sacred well which was discovered beneath the so-called Church of S. Cesario, on the Summa Sacra Via, between the Arch of Titus and the Colosseum. The well belongs to the republican period and is approached by a flight of steps, which, however, date from mediæval times. Commendatore Boni believes that it was connected with the rites of "incubation," or the practice of sleeping in temples in order to secure a cure for diseases. At a later period a large dolium was inserted in the well to raise the level of the water; and this has now come to light.

The committees on the competitions for the prize of Rome have awarded the scholarship in sculpture to Paul H. Manship of New York; in painting to Frank P. Fairbanks of Boston, and the first honorable mention in painting to Henry Lawrence Wolfe of Philadelphia.

The Académie des Beaux-Arts has awarded the Prix Leclerc Maria Bouland (3,000 francs) to Jules Zingg, the Prix Meurand (1,000 francs) to L. Montagué, the Prix Édouard Lemaître to R. Huet, the Prix Desprez to M. Iselin, the Prix Maxime David to Madame Gruyer-Brielman, and the Prix Eugène Piot to E. Rosset-Granger.

From Bremen comes the news of the death of the painter and dramatist, Arthur Fitger, in his sixty-ninth year. As a painter he is perhaps best known for his Bremer Ratskeller. Among his plays are "Die Hexe," "Von Gottes Gnaden," and "Die Rosen von Tyburn."

Finance.

The truth about the pending Panama bond issue is patent. The Treasury's working cash balance has become uncomfortably narrow. Extravagance has brought it to a low ebb. The working balance last Friday, for instance, was less thn $25,000,000. The deficit for the month so far has amounted to over $9,000,000. The Treasury's balance with the banks is $56,000,000, and is being steadily drawn upon. The talk about the bond resources of the Treasury being ample apart from new legislation is largely pretence. The remainder of the former Panama issue authorized but not issued is simply not available. The government cannot float a straight 2 per cent. security. It succeeded in cajoling the banks into subscriptions for the 2 per cents. by virtually guaranteeing to make deposits of public funds with the purchasing banks on the security of the bonds in question. The Treasury has now no funds to deposit with the banks. It is rapidly withdrawing what balances it has. It has got down to hard pan, and cannot borrow at a 2 per cent. rate. The $100,000,000 of 3 per cent. short time certificates authorized but unissued are a dubious potential asset at best. The Treasury officials are properly shy of issuing short time 3 per cent. certificates. This would but put off the evil day by less than a year, when, conceivably, circumstances might be even more unfavorable for the sale of long-time securities than now. Under these circumstances the 3 per cent. rate is an obvious commercial necessity though the purchasers of the 2 per cents. may gnash their teeth. The Panama Canal project is used as a handy

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means of saving the government's financial face. We started to build the canal out of surpluses of current revenue. Extravagant expenditure and trade depression turned the surpluses into a negative quantity. The result is a dearth of ready cash, and, under guise of returning money spent on the canal, the Treasury is using the new Panama bond project to get the funds to pay for its daily bread and butter.

The difficulty connected with the proposed issue is triangular. At one corner is the growing deficit and the dwindling Treasury cash balance. At a second corner is the loss to be incurred by slackening the construction work at Panama. And at the third corner is the danger of note inflation and an indefinite postponement of doing away with a bank currency based on specific bond security. There can be no dispute about the necessity of replenishing the Treasury's cash. No one seriously proposes shutting down on the Panama Canal construction. The avenue of escape is the issue of a long-time obligation, presumably a 3 per cent. bond. Here the difficulty is that the note circulation would at once expand. When the enlarged circulation has once served to help the banks to move the crops, the circulation will prove excessive, and a part of our basic currency—gold—will be expelled. The most reasonable plan, then, would seem to be to issue as required long-time obligations at such a rate as the market necessitates, with the express provision that the bonds issued shall not be available for the purpose of taking out note circulation. This will raise the nominal rate of interest which the Treasury must pay. But the other policy, of allowing the new issues to subserve note inflation, will only conceal the true rate of interest, and will make mischief in future when currency reform is attempted.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Andrássy, Count Julius. The Development of Hungarian Constitutional Liberty. Emil Zerkowitz, 49 Exchange Place.

Angelus Silesius (Johannes Scheffler). A selection of quaint rhymes translated in the original metre by Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1 net.

Blanchard, H. P. After the Cataclysm: a Romance of the Age to Come. Cochrane Pub. Co.

Bleibtreu, Karl. Deutschland und England. Berlin: Karl Curtius.

Brewer, R. W. A. The Motor Car: A Manual for the Use of Students and Car Owners. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.

Busch, Wilhelm. Edward's Dream: The Philosophy of a Humorist. Translated and edited by Dr. Paul Carus. Chicago: Open Court Pub. Co. $1 net.

Cairns, W. B. The Forms of Discourse. Revised edition. Ginn & Co. $1.15.

Chapman, J. J. Emerson and Other Essays; Causes and Consequences; Practical Agitation. New and revised editions. 3 vols. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1.25 each.

Closeburn, Kirkpatrick de. Souvenirs de la Dernière Guerre Carliste (1872-1876). Paris: Librairie Alphonse Picard et Fils.

Cole, S. W., and Lewis, L. R. Melodia: a Course in Sight-Singing. Ditson & Co. $1.50.

Dawson, M. J. and C. W. The Great English Letter-Writers. Vols I and II. Harpers. $1 net each.

Dyke, O. O. The Omar Sonnets and the Lefra Lyrics translated. E. S. Gorham.

Fauth, Ph. The Moon in Modern Astronomy. Introduction by J. E. Gore. D. Van Nostrand Co. $2 net.

Forman, J. M. Jason: a Romance. Harper. $1.50.

Garnett, Mrs. R. S. The Infamous John Friend. Holt & Co. $1.50.

Holton, Susan. Little Stories about Little Animals for Little Children. Cincinnati: Children's Pub. Co.

Hrdlicka, Ales. Tuberculosis Among Certain Indian Tribes of the United States. Washington: Government Printing-Office.

Irwin, A. M. B. The Burmese and Arakanese Calendars. London: Luzac & Co.

Kemble, F. W., and Underhill, C. R. The Periodic Law and the Hydrogen Spectrum. Van Nostrand Co. 50 cents.

Mantzius, Karl. Great Actors of the Eighteenth Century. Vol. V of A History of Theatrical Art. Translated by Louise von Gossel. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Meehan, J. F. Eight Episodes in the History of Bath. Bath, England: B. & J. F. Meehan.

Meyer, J. J. Hindu Tales: An English Translation of Jacobi's Ausgewählte Erzählungen in Mabarashtri. London: Luzac & Co.

Michelet, J. Jeanne d'Arc. Edited by J. H. Sacret. H. Frowde.

Old-Lore Series. No. 14, Orkney, Shetland, Caithness and Sutherland; No. 15, Orkney and Shetland Records; No. 16, Caithness and Sutherland Records. London: Viking Club.

Peake, A. S. Christianity, Its Nature and Its Truth. Crowell. $1.25 net.

Picon-Febres, Gonzalo. La Literatura Venezolana en el Siglo Diez y Nueve. Caracas: Empresa el Cojo.

Russell, H. L., and Hastings, E. G. Experimental Dairy Bacteriology. Ginn & Co. $1.

Ruta, Enrico. La. Psiche Sociale. Milan: Remo Sandron.

Sayler, H. L. The Air Ship Boys. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co. $1.

Smithsonian Mathematical Tables. Hyperbolic Functions. Prepared by Geo. F. Becker and C. E. Van Orstrand. Washington.

Tennyson's Enid (1859). Edited with introduction and notes by C. B. Wheeler. H. Frowde. 40 cents.

Theophrasti Characteres. Recensuit Hermannus Diels. H. Frowde.

Titchener, E. B. A Text-Book of Psychology. Part I. Macmillan. $1.30 net.

Turner, L. M. Quartz from the Uplands; the Building of an Epic.

Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Bureau of Labor Statistics for the year ended Sept. 30, 1907. Albany: State Dept. of Labor.

Unstead, J. F. Practical Geography. Part II. H. Frowde. 40 cents.

Wells, H. G. This Misery of Boots. Boston: Ball Publishing Co. 50 cents net.

Worsley, F. W. The Fourth Gospel and the Synoptists. Scribners. $1.25 net.

Wright, Mabel O. Poppea of the Post-Office. Macmillan. $1.50.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

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